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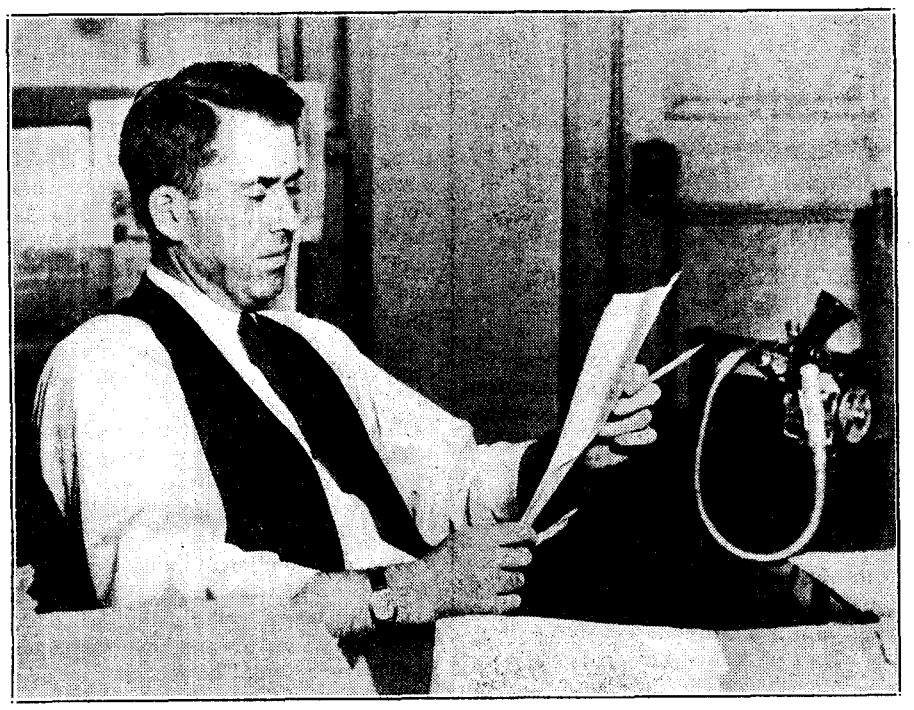
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1934 — NUMBER 10



SECRETARY WALLACE—*Keystone photo.*

Love Gone in the Wind

MY SHADOW AS I PASS. By Sybil Bolitho. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

FOR those of us who had the good fortune to meet William Bolitho, that rare and flashing personality, alight with passionate interest in life, brilliant, sudden, baffling, this book by his wife, half idyllic romance, half biography, will be of compelling appeal. But it needs no personal recollection of the man, nor even acquaintance with the vivid columns which a few years ago graced the "page opposite editorial" of the now vanished *World,* to find it fascinating. For Mrs. Bolitho writes so well, with so sure a sense of the dramatic, so unfailing an eye for the significant and, above all, with so profound and moving an emotion as to communicate her own fervor of feeling to the reader. There will always be two minds as to the propriety and taste of such documents of the heart as this, revelations of a relationship so intimate that to bare it to the public gaze during the lifetime of both participants would be unthinkable, and which, even after death has broken it, runs the risk in the telling of appearing either sentimental or defiled. Our own inclination is against them, but here is a volume which, to us at least, rides triumphantly over the objections which can be brought against most of its kind. It throbs with feeling, yet is not sentimental, and the picture it leaves of a life compounded of early disappointments and griefs and later fulfilments which could never wholly eradicate the memory of those earlier pains has all the justification to which a work of art can lay claim.

Perhaps in nothing does Mrs. Bolitho more surely prove her skill than in the fact that though she writes of herself as heroine, and that it is her unassuageable sorrow which gives glow to the book, it is the figure of her husband which holds the center of the stage. John as he lies dying, breathing his last in the mean little room in a hospital in Marseilles to which he has been carried after a wayside collision, murmuring his love for Helen in the intervals of thinking himself back in the trenches, John in the incredibly beautiful garden at Vedennes, lush with blossom,

(*Continued on page* 123)

From Harrison II to Roosevelt II

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. By Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

COURT memoir forms but a scant part of American letters. American politics has had few tattlers. We have had expounders, interpreters, and propagandists infesting the literature of our public life. But few American writers have taken off their shoes, let down their hair, unbuttoned their clothes, and gossipped genially, amiably, or even malevolently, about our American presidents and their private lives in the little white colonial mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue. Alas, now, the little white colonial mansion that McKinley knew has expanded. Today it is an office building with an incidental residence. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, the first White House lady to live next to the executive offices, used to say that she felt like a woman who lived over the store.

In the forty-two years covered by Ike Hoover's gossipy reminiscences of the White House he lived only fifteen of them in the old White House, the White House before Theodore Roosevelt had begun to turn it architecturally into an office building. These fifteen years in which Ike Hoover lived in the old White House he lived as one of the ushers after having graduated from an electrician's job. As an ordinary usher, even in the old White House, he had few opportunities and probably little desire to associate intimately with the passing statesmen in the White House and their families. But when he became chief usher, he became in a way major domo of the White House. His job for nearly a quarter of a century has been to look after the president and his family in residence; sometimes to follow them about the world. He went to Paris with Wilson. He was a sort of butler, social adviser, fidus Achates, head doorman, and buffer between the president and the White House staff. But because in his more than twenty years as chief usher the various presidents' major duties were outside of the White House, Ike Hoover seems

(*Continued on page* 126)

Good-bye to the Fleshpots*

BY HENRY A. WALLACE, *Secretary of Agriculture*

WHEN those forty thousand undisciplined slaves, the Children of Israel, left Egypt, it was possible for them to reach their promised land within a few months. But they were not fit to march a straight course, enter, and take possession. The older men and women among them thought of everything in terms of the fleshpots of Egypt. Before the promised land could be attained it was necessary for the younger generation, hardened by travels in the wilderness, to come to maturity.

We have been forced away from the fleshpots. When our stock market crashed in 1929 it was plain that we would have to abandon them. We, too, know something about a new land and how it may be reached, but we are not yet fit to go in and take possession. Too many of us would like one last round with those fleshpots and golden calves. It may be that many of our younger people have been sufficiently hardened by suffering in our economic wilderness. But all will have to come to a more effective maturity before the new land can be fully possessed. Advance guards sent out to estimate the cost [illegible] are in the way.

I am sometimes accused of undue idealism; but I know very well that it will not do to hope too much of the generation of which I am a part. It is simply impossible for us to let go overnight of the habits and beliefs of a lifetime. Younger people, if they will, can easily accomplish changes which seem impossible to older people.

Unfortunately, many of the oncoming generation now in our schools, or idling in our homes, are handicapped by an inheritance of past concepts, bitterly complicated by the present stalemate. They are stirred by the fact that the present world does not seem to want their services into potentially menacing forms of protest. If misled by demagogues and half-baked educators, they may be inclined to assume more and more that the world owes them not only a living but a limousine. Their restlessness and present disillusionment can be fatal or infinitely constructive, depending upon which side they wake up on.

After all, we middle-aged, middle-course, people have some hard thinking and many hard jobs to do, before we can reasonably expect to arouse our young to hope for an enduring democracy. Talk alone will not lead them to consolidate the position we now strive to hold, and push forward to something better.

The Children of Israel's problems did not come to an end after they had crossed the borders, or even after they had taken possession of their promised land. Their real troubles as a people had then only begun. They had put behind them a vague, nomadic wandering, but they still had to adapt themselves in some measure to the commercial features of the Canaanite civilization. Their old frontier was gone. They had to work on new frontiers. These problems, in many respects strikingly modern, provoked the strife and turmoil which resulted in the tremendous literature of the prophets and the historical records contained in Chronicles and Kings. Amos, that farmer prophet of the hill country of Judah, first raised in dramatic form the problem of social justice, fair treatment of debtors, and balanced prices.

Physically, and in other ways also, the basic structure of our land of yesterday has been torn to pieces. By the raw pioneer rules of first stakes we have encamped as migrants and have taken greedily and unevenly of its wealth. A few of us, in consequence, have much more than we can comfortably or decently spend or handle; yet most of us have too little for comfort, decency, and hope of a general progress.

We face, moreover, these hard facts: first, the land frontier of the United States is gone. Depression can no longer be solved by shipping the unemployed West. We must learn to live with each other. We have no longer enormous, unexploited natural resources awaiting only the touch of young and vigorous hands to be transformed into fabulous individual wealth.

Second, the wealth that may be drawn by the shrewdest of a rapidly expanding population is now drawing to an end. In the old days, expanding population, and the million or so of people we received annually from Europe, enlarged certain of our cities so rapidly that tremendous real estate values were reared. Today, immigration is mostly shut out. Our birth rate is decreasing. It appears that by 1950 our population will probably reach its peak, around a hundred and fifty million people, and then start declining. Our rural areas, especially in the South, furnish most of the present population increase. Most of our cities are growing only insofar as they suck in the surplus population from farms and small towns; and this surplus is falling off.

Third, enormous decentralizing forces

*The following article is to form part of the concluding chapter of Secretary Wallace's "New Frontiers" shortly to be issued by Reynal & Hitchcock.

This Week

OLD TESTAMENT
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION
By BERTRAND RUSSELL
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE
By BERNARD DE VOTO
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

THE WOLVES
By GUY MAZELINE
Reviewed by Samuel Putnam

ONE'S COMPANY
By PETER FLEMING
Reviewed by George E. Sokolsky

DEW ON THE GRASS
By EILUNED LEWIS
Reviewed by Rebecca Lowrie

AFTERTHOUGHTS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

TURKESTAN REUNION
By ELEANOR HOLGATE LATTIMORE
Reviewed by Kermit Roosevelt

Next Week or Later

ILLUMINATORS OF THE ABYSS
By H. L. MENCKEN

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are beginning to influence the psychology and eventually the location of many of our city families. Hard roads, trucks, autos, high-line electricity, and the increasing love of city people for good air, sunshine, trees, and natural surroundings, will inevitably result in drawing millions of Americans back into the open.

As we dimly discern these forces which will be at work among us for years to come, we wonder just what, in the new combination, will give to the new life the same unity that our old life obtained, simply as a result of fears and hopes centering in the frontier.

The old frontier was real. There were Indians and fear of foreign conquest. People in the older colonies or states had to stand together against actual perils on the edge of a new civilization. Their determination to stand together was continually renewed by romantic tales of many unknown kinds of wealth out on the frontier, of precious metals, and fertile valleys, although as a matter of fact, the old frontier was all too often a place of ragged, barbed-wire fences, dusty roads, unpainted shacks. Nevertheless, the hopes and fears that existed in the old frontier furnished a unity to our national life. For a hundred and fifty years we felt it was manifest destiny to push onward, until the Pacific Coast was reached, until all the fertile lands between had been plowed and bound together by railroads and paved highways. The obvious physical task to which we set ourselves has been accomplished; and in so doing, we have destroyed in large measure the thing which gave us hope and unity as a people.

We now demand a new unity, a new hope. There are many spiritual and mental frontiers yet to be conquered, but they lead in many different directions and our hearts have not yet fully warmed to any one of them. They do not point in an obvious single direction as did that downright physical challenge which, for so many generations, existed on the Western edge of our life. Now we have come to the

A PRESS CONFERENCE WITH THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE
Secretary Wallace (left) explains to reporters his plans to raise cotton prices. Keystone photo.

will reinforce the cultural life of the entire world? Can we leave something that contributes toward giving life meaning, joy, and beauty for generations to come?

During the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, ideas took possession of our fathers and grandfathers which made them resolute hard workers, men of iron, equally good as Indian fighters, pioneer farmers, and captains of industry. They suffered and forged ahead in the world, believing that there was something prophetically worthy in all they did. Progress Westward, landward, and wealthward was their continual urge. They exploited not only natural resources but the generations which came after. We glorify these men, grabbers and exploiters that they were, and marvel at their conquests. But they did not know how to live with each other and they did not know how to teach the American nation to live with other nations.

The keynote of the new frontier is coöperation just as that of the old frontier was individualistic competition. The mechanism of progress of the new frontier is social invention, whereas that of the old frontier was mechanical invention and the competitive seizure of opportunities for wealth. Power and wealth were worshipped in the old days. Beauty and justice and joy of spirit must be worshipped in the new.

Many of the most lively, intimate expressions of spirit spring from the joyous, continuous contact of human beings with a particular locality. They feel the age-long spirit of this valley or that hill each with its trees and rocks and special tricks of weather, as the seasons unfold in their endless charm. If life can be made secure in each community and if the rewards of the different communities are distributed justly, there will flower in every community not only those who attain joy in daily, productive work well done; but also those who paint and sing and tell stories with the flavor peculiar to their own valley, well-loved hill, or broad prairie. And so we think of coöperative communities not merely in a competent commercial sense but also from the standpoint of people who are helping unfold each other's lives in terms of the physical locality and tradition of which they are a part.

In this way, every community can become something distinctly precious in its own right. Children will not try to escape as they grow up. They will look ahead to the possibility of enriching the traditions of their ancestors.

They will feel it is a privilege to learn to live with the soil and the neighbors of their fathers. Such communities will be strung like many-colored beads on the thread of the nation and the varied strings of beads will be the glory of the

truly measured only in terms of contribution to a spirit of world unity, even though political and economic ties may be very loose.

In the old days, we could not trust ourselves with joy and beauty because they ran counter to our competitive search for wealth and power. Men of the old days, whether Protestant or Catholic, accepted implicitly the discipline of the Protestant Ethic (see Weber's "The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism"). The men of the new day must have their social discipline comparable in its power with that of the inner drive toward the hard-working, competitive frugality of the old frontier. People may actually work harder than they did on the old frontier, but their motive will be different. They may make and use more mechanical inventions. They may do more to increase the wealth-producing power of the race.

But their efforts will, of necessity, be continually moved by the spirit of coöperative achievement. They will devise ways in which the monetary mechanism can be modified to distribute the rewards of labor more uniformly. They will work with disinterested spirit to modify the governmental and political machinery so that there is a balanced relationship between prices, an even flow of employment, and a far wider possibility of social justice and social charity. So enlisted, men may rightfully feel that they are serving a function as high as that of any minister of the Gospel. They will not be socialists, communists, or fascists, but plain men trying to gain by democratic methods the professed objectives of the communists, socialists, and fascists: security, peace, and the good life for all. In their efforts they will not allow their work to be divided or embittered by the dogma or prejudice of any narrow, superficially logical, political or religious sect. Some will seek for the fountains of an abundant life in renewed artistic, religious, and scientific inspiration. They will not, I trust, accept the animal view of human nature, put forth by the biologists and the economists of the nineteenth century. Of necessity, they will recognize competitive individualists and competitive nations and deal with them, as the anachronisms they are, treating them kindly, firmly, and carefully.

But the new frontiersman will be continually seeking for his fellows those satisfactions which are mutually enriching. The nature of these satisfactions can only be faintly shadowed now. They exist in a land as strange and far as was America in 1491. In this land of ageless desire we are all striving newcomers. It is not a mushy, sentimental frontier, but one of hard realities, requiring individual and social discipline beyond that of the old

all-consuming flame, an intense passion for fair play, man to man, and man to woman, in the little time that we are here. In the Sermon on the Mount, He spoke of the rules of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The land beyond the new frontier will be conquered by the continuous social inventions of men whose hearts are free from bitterness, prejudice, hatred, greed, and fear; by men whose hearts are aflame with the extraordinary beauty of the scientific, artistic, and spiritual wealth now before us, if only we reach out confidently, together.

Frontier free-booter democracy of the purely individualistic type is definitely gone unless civilization lapses back into the Dark Ages and starts over again. To maintain the good points of the old individualism and the old democracy, and yet to enable modern methods to operate over an entire continent, without injury to the rest of the world, is a challenge to our utmost sympathetic ingenuity.

At this point all of the great leaders of the past have failed. The world has never been ripe for a general success. But today our scientific understanding, our mechanical inventive power, our widespread methods of transportation and communication make possible fulfilment of the individual in the unity of the whole.

Hitherto, such talk would have been mere words and empty ideas. No one of us yet thinks clearly in this field. But millions of the unemployed, and hard-pressed farmers, as they look at the tragic waste of empty factories and idle resources, are groping in a new direction. The good things of the past, including the finer traits of rugged individualism, can make their contribution to the triumph of social, coöperative ideals, over competitive bitterness.

This means hard, definite, precise work. There may even be an Armageddon such as Theodore Roosevelt spoke of as he searched the Scripture and felt his way toward the dawn of this day. But even though there may be grievous work, careful study, and hard fighting, the essential thing is that our spirits be continually renewed by the vision of the ageless operations that bind all humanity together. In the final analysis, our nation must serve itself by serving the world, just as you and I in serving ourselves must keep steadily in mind the needs of this nation.

These are some of the general considerations that occur as we try to peer beyond new frontiers. Because they are general in nature, they may seem to involve too exclusively a reliance upon good intentions; and to provide too little of a concrete pattern for a better order.

Good intentions are not enough,—not even good intentions backed by enlightened realization of need for less selfishness and more coördination of effort. Good intentions always have characterized human kind. The fact of aspiration is the one unfailing bulwark of stubborn hope that man can learn to master the world in a way that really expresses "peace on earth, good will to men."

But there is need to express aspiration toward the ultimate in terms of today. There is need to set up such social forms

in 1912 have aged into old grandmothers in the Republican Party. The "New Freedom" of Woodrow Wilson was lost in the war hysteria of 1917 and 1918. Neither of these movements reached even one-third of the way toward a new world. They died because the new world was not yet ready to be discovered. But today it has to be discovered, and when it is discovered it must be held on to. The problem is largely one of spirit, but it is also one of hard facts and definite action continually accompanying an unfolding of the spirit.

In the meantime, working with the capitalistic order as it has come to us out of the past, we can develop policies which will enable the representatives of agriculture, labor, industry, and consumers to meet together more effectively than in the past, and discover just formulæ for price and production policies. The government sits in either as a party to the negotiations or as a reviewer and enforcer. This mechanism for a concert of interest, skilfully worked out, should provide in considerable measure the unwritten constitution which will govern many of our most significant advances toward economic democracy.

Old Testament

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS was a bloody God, that to His priests
Delivered up His people, and their foes;
A tribal God, to suit the earlier throes
Of warring Man; a God of lamp-lit feasts—
And lamentation, when the ashen Easts
Revealed anew long-sinning Israel's woes;
And round His throne glared in malefic rows
The angels and the elders and the beasts.

The servitude, the fury, and the lusts,
The treachery, the wailing on the Lord—
All these today the sickened heart mistrusts;
And yet—"In the Beginning was the Word,"
And all our truth doth not suffice to dim
Mount Sion and the six-winged seraphim.

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How to Save the World

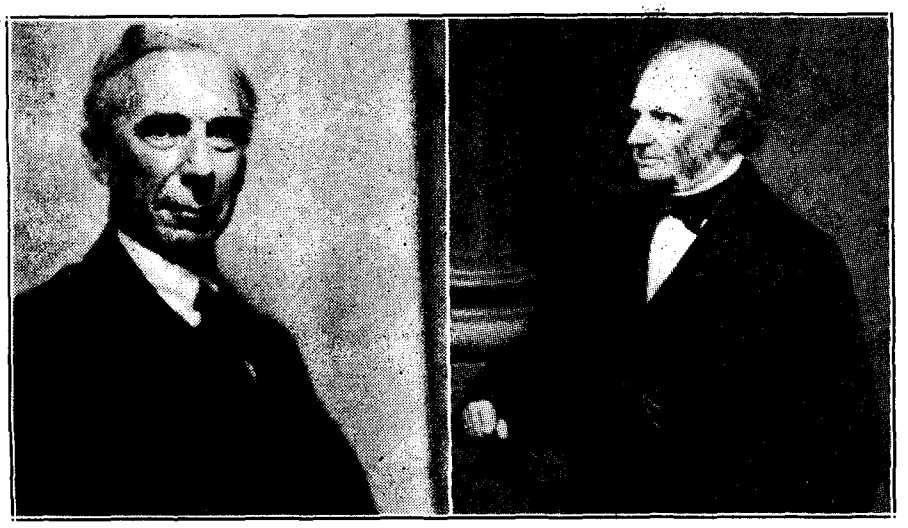
FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION, 1814-1914. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is at once a textbook and a tract, on what is wrong with the world and how to save it; but Bertrand Russell seems to have had a good time writing it, and anybody who is interested in the state of the world will have a good time reading it—unless he is a sectarian who insists that the world can be saved only by his own formula, and must not be saved by any other. Russell's formula, the conclusion to which this political-intellectual-economic history of the nineteenth century builds up, is international control of investment and raw material, apparently enforced by "some super-national authority strong enough to command obedience." The world left by the Congress of Vienna was neither economically organized nor free; the hundred years that followed showed that "organization, with modern industrial and scientific technique, is indispensable; some degree of freedom is a necessary condition both of happiness and of progress"; and what happened in 1914 demonstrated that "complete anarchy is even more dangerous as between highly organized nations than as between individuals in a nation." Just now most nations are trying to organize themselves more and more to meet internal problems; but it needs no argument that a world in which every nation is also an economic organization is at once more unstable and better equipped for complete self-destruction than the inadequately organized world of 1914.

All this is a very serious matter and this is a very serious book; but it is far from serious reading. In its irrelevancies as well as its intention it continually reminds the reader of Wells's "Outline of History." Just as Wells could not help breaking into the sad story of the human race to retell at length the best anecdotes of Herodotus, so Russell is often so delighted by what he runs across in his reading that he cannot help sharing his delight with the reader, whether it has anything to do with the argument or not. He is fascinated by Indian stories, by the romantic career of Andrew Jackson, by the eccentricities of Blücher and James Mill. Dozens of the great men of the century are brilliantly set down in thumb-nail character sketches. Talleyrand "was undeniably a scamp, but he did less harm than many men of impeccable rectitude." Wellington's invincible refusal to become Napoleon's executioner must seem "an antiquated scruple" to the generation which lived through Lloyd George's Hang-the-Kaiser campaign. In Jefferson was to be found "everything that was admirable in eighteenth century culture, without the somewhat limited and static quality that made that age unsatisfactory." Morgan ruled the world of finance not through his own money but through his capacity for inspiring confidence; "in him credit was personified." Sir Edward Grey "was a high-minded man, a sincere patriot, a perfectly honorable gentleman in his dealings with those whom he regarded as equals, and an enthusiast for fly-fishing. On these grounds Englishmen entrusted their lives and fortunes to his keeping, although he knew no foreign language, had hardly ever been out of England, and had too little industry to verify what his officials told him. Moreover, his belief in honorable dealing did not extend to the House of Commons." And so on.

But these personalities are not irrelevant. "History," Lord Russell declares flatly, "is not yet a science, and can only be made to seem scientific by falsehoods and omissions." This will bring the Marxians down on his back, of course, and all the other people who think that some ineluctable destiny is working out the victory of their pet idea. But on the evidence it would be hard to challenge Russell's analysis of the causes of political change, which come down chiefly to these four—"economic technique, political theory, important individuals, and chance." None of these, he says, can be ignored, or explained as an effect, not a cause; and indeed it could be contended that economic determinism has had less to do with making the world of today than has the vigor with which the individual Marx promulgated the dogma of economic determinism.



BERTRAND RUSSELL AND HIS GRANDFATHER, LORD JOHN RUSSELL
The author is said to have obtained some of the material of his book from family records, notably those in which his grandfather figured as Prime Minister.

To many readers the three chapters devoted to a critique of Marx will be the most interesting part of the book. The narrative deals with the past, an old story very well retold, but still an old story; these chapters point toward the future. A criticism of Marx's more cavernous profundities is never very easy reading, but Russell makes it as easy as possible; he gives Marx full credit for some of his prophetic insights, as well as for the emotional drive he puts behind his doctrine, but he cannot regard him as infallible. His objections to Marxian economics are mostly familiar (he thinks Henry George was nearer right than Marx in his analysis of the power of money); but it would pay anybody who is interested in where the human race is going, and where it ought to go, to study his comments on Marxian metaphysics and politics.

Of dialectical materialism, Russell says that Marx's Hegelianism gave him "a feeling of certainty in regard to the future for which there is no scientific warrant"; that the interconnection between economics and metaphysics which Marx established as a dogma is purely artificial; and that the economic interpretation of history, while largely true, is not wholly true. "The belief that metaphysics has any bearing on practical affairs," says Russell, "is to my mind a proof of logical incapacity . . . What can be known, can be known without metaphysics, and whatever needs metaphysics for its proof cannot be proved." Marx's materialism, in the ontological sense, was not materialism at all but pragmatism, instrumentalism, anticipating James and Dewey; when Lenin had to settle down to a metaphysical research he adopted (without ever admitting it) Engels's view as against that of Marx. Furthermore, Marx's interpretation of history depended on the postulate of a power in the universe, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness; that he chose to call this power dialectical materialism rather than God is a mere accident of terminology. For a disproof of the Marxian doctrine that the tendency of historical evolution is always upward (from the Marxian viewpoint) you need only look at the record. It has not always been so in the past, and it will not always be so in the future, especially now that mankind possesses instruments of destruction of which Marx never dreamed. Says Russell:

> Can it be seriously supposed that after a war in which the great centers of population and most important industrial plants had been wiped out, the remaining population would be in a mood to establish scientific communism? Is it not practically certain that the survivors would be in a mood of gibbering and superstitious brutality, fighting all against all for the last turnip?

If it is not practically certain, it seems at least highly probable.

Still more to the point is Russell's objection to the practical consequences of Marxian doctrine. In Marx's day the capitalist was a small entrepreneur who managed his own business; Marx ignored this as completely as some more recent conservative economists have ignored the virtual disappearance of that function in an age of concentrated industry, but the Marxian oversight had far more serious results. Industry is now managed chiefly by salaried experts whose interests are often opposed to those of the stockholders, as many a present-day stockholder could testify, with bitterness.

> In so far as socialism represents a more scientific organization of industry, salaried experts might be expected to sympathize with it. They seldom do so, however, because as a result of the bias given by Marx socialism has tended to stand not only for the workers as against the idle rich, but for the manual workers as against both the rich and the brain workers . . . The salaried worker has no reason to love the capitalist; but under the capitalist his importance is at least recognized by his being employed and treated with a certain respect; he does not feel any security that his status would be as good after a proletarian revolution.

Marx's doctrine of the class struggle set the dividing line far too low; the appeal to hatred rather than to reason set many people against him who ought to have been on his side.

Further, "to appeal to hatred may be the right psychology for winning victory in a war, but it is not the right psychology for subsequent construction." Marx's envy and malice, copied by too many of his followers, might cap a successful class war with "a peace as disastrous as that of Versailles." For illustration of all this you need only look at the recent history of Russia; and it does not seem to some of us that the practical disadvantages of killing off or exiling most of the trained minds of a nation are much mitigated by a dogma of historical necessity.

Hatred seems to be the most powerful force in the world today; but it was not always so. Running over Russell's account of the nineteenth century, one is struck by the fact that the political theorists who seem to have contributed most to actual human happiness were the now despised Benthamites. Their doctrines, like most doctrines that have ever been successful, persist as dogmas after time has made their ancient good uncouth; the hardships of the British industrial proletariat and of the American farmer today are their end product; but in their time they were not only sound but useful deductions from the evidence then available. And how did they prevail?

> The Benthamites, who were learned men and authors of difficult books, aimed solely at appealing to men's reason, and yet they were successful. In the Victorian era, this victory of reason surprised no one; in our more lunatic period, it reads like the myth of a Golden Age.

To hope that reason may have other victories in the future may seem the optimism of despair. The world badly needs just now such dispassionate critiques of Marxism as Russell has given us, picking out the valid and durable from the erroneous and transitory. Luckily there is in British and American socialism, and was in German socialism before it was driven underground, a strong preference for reason over hatred, an inclination to treat Marx practically as a prophet indeed, but a human and fallible prophet, even though lip service is given to the letter of the Word . . . And yet British and German socialists did not know what to do with power when they had it; accordingly they let it slip out of their hands; and it might be plausibly contended that they failed because they did not have enough hatred.

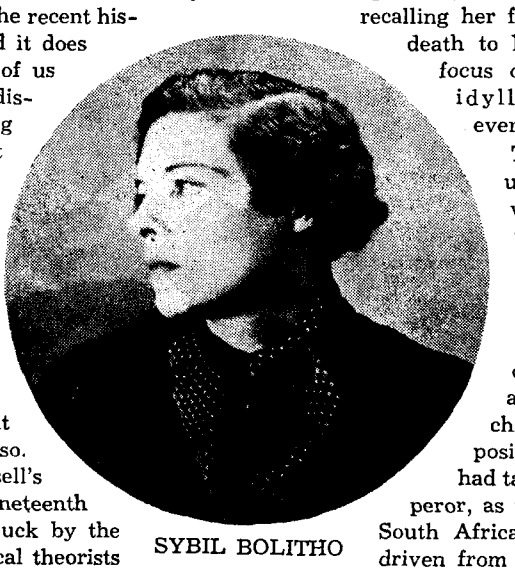
Or possibly because they did not have enough reason, not enough determination, qualities which can exist in leaders, at least, without hatred to accompany them. Caesar and Lincoln did not hate, yet they overthrew powerful oligarchies and made the world a better place to live in. We cannot expect the run of the cards to turn us up a Caesar or a Lincoln when needed; yet it seems not impossible for more men to cultivate, by trying to cultivate it, the coolly realistic resolution that Lincoln and Caesar possessed. That quality, rather than any other, seems likely to save the world.

And at any rate there is no ineluctable historical necessity that makes it necessary for men to hate, impossible for them to think. For the best proof that men by taking thought can add a cubit to their stature, historical "necessity" to the contrary notwithstanding, you need only look at the Russian Communist party. That party did not collapse in internecine struggles, as did the French Jacobins, simply because its leaders had carefully studied the history of the Jacobins, and worked out a method for avoiding their blunders. If communists can learn from the past, those who are unhampered by a dogmatic scheme might learn still more. Russell's textbook of recent history, not always infallible in detail and open to dispute in some of its interpretations, is still an excellent compendium which ought to set its readers thinking.

Love Gone in the Wind

(Continued from first page)

which he has so lovingly tended, John under fire in France, in his pathetic boyhood in South Africa, in his first acquaintance with her in England, during his winter in New York, and finally as a figure of the imagination, that walks by her side recalling her from a desire for death to life—John is the focus of Mrs. Bolitho's idyll of love in its every line.



SYBIL BOLITHO

Theirs was a union of opposites which meant enrichment for both, as much for Helen (the names and doubtless many of the incidents of the book are fictitious), the child of ease and position, whose father had talked with an emperor, as for John whom a South African mother had driven from her fence with a horsewhip for merely daring to watch her children at play. In the story of their life together as Mrs. Bolitho tells it the earlier experiences of her husband are ever and again adroitly introduced with a vividness and effectiveness which might well have been, indeed probably are, the echo of his own narration of them. The color and tension of romance are in her chronicle, made immediate and intense by the driving emotion back of them. "My Shadow As I Pass" moves with a dramatic urgency, with a beauty of descriptive phrase and a felicity of epithet that hold the reader under tension from beginning to end. It is an unusual book, that reflects unusual souls.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 10.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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Genus Irritabile

The inquiring mind that looks beyond statistics of sales and questions of pure art will often ask how far that articulate voice which is literature expresses the moods and ideas which prevail in a time of startling change. Put to this test the books of the past year return a curiously uncertain answer. With stereotyped "profit literature" we have no concern, for that is always conditioned by the simple swings of simple-minded humanity from gaiety to sadness, from sentiment to exaltation, and is indicative of great changes only long after the fact. But with the kind of books that come from a need to write as much as from a need to sell, we expect, and with reason, some forecast of a changing temper. Regarded thus the nays have it, at least in American books. Negatives and very bitter negatives have been the fashion now, ever since the end of the war.

Those capable of interesting themselves [illegible] more important as political and social groupings than any existing political parties, which indeed they cut or overlap in many directions. They are at the moment, the conservatives who wish to hold fast to the American system developed through a series of compromises through the nineteenth century and recently defended by Mr. Hoover in a series of articles. Next, the moderates who feel a vital necessity for vital changes in our economic and political order so as to keep its evolution orderly and sure. They like the America in which they live even when it has given them a bad deal financially, and wish to see its ways of life kept at least recognizable by adaptation to the new factors of a machine age. And third, the radicals, who are by no means all communists, or even socialists, yet dislike not only the present system but also the culture that rests upon it, and, by transference, even the land in which it prevails; who, indeed, seem to hate everything in our and their America, even themselves.

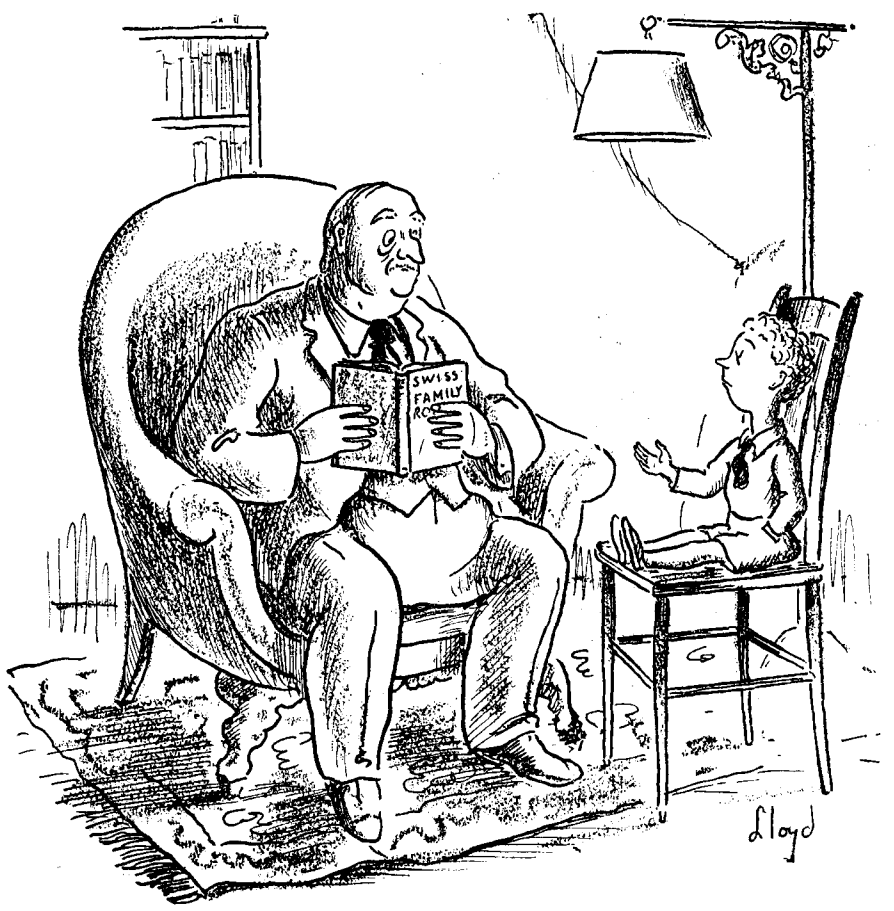
The conservatives have had no powerful voice to speak for them in recent literature, unless, indeed, the success of such a book as "Anthony Adverse" with its celebration of gusto in living, and the triumph of an individual who achieves success for himself by the old-fashioned methods of courage, egoism, and the force of personality, be regarded as a conservative manifesto—a rather doubtful assumption. The moderates have had an immense pamphleteering as a sign that they are still vigorous, but it is difficult to think of an outstanding book of creative imagination which speaks for them. Their strength seems all to have gone into journalism and practical politics. But the radicals, in the sense of the word used above, have written the most talked-about books for ten years or more now in the United States. Their fierce distastes, their assaults on use and wont, their scorn, hate, or satire of the America we all know, have given the dominant tone to American literary writing, so that it is probable that historians of the next century will either find some cause in our future for their [illegible] American writing. We have [illegible] economic moorings as the seventeenth century slipped its firm theological ties, and the whole man is again adrift. In such a state, the least rooted, the least happy, though by no means the most abused, are, if they are sensitive, the most irritable, and especially if they are touched with that mild paranoia which is the modern addition to the four humors of the ancients. For them, the old certainties, once they begin to crumble, become objects not of lingering affection but of loathing. They rejoice in revealing the miseries, while neglecting the compensations, of an order which has change written upon its face but which their impatience would blot out immediately and forever. They feel more sharply than the better balanced the immense inertia which drags back from an inevitable reorganization, so that not an articulate opponent so much as the country at large begins to seem the enemy. Hence its "rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills" by an easy transference become like the dark satanic mills of Blake, things to be hated, in their beauty or peace as much as in their ugliness. This is the explanation undoubtedly of the hate—sometimes virile, sometimes hysteric, but always negative, and often cynical—in what will be called the new American literature of the decade just passing. Change is upon us, and as with cattle when a storm has swept away their familiar sky, some will gore the herd. Our social climate is altering, how fast no one knows, but literature so far has best recorded nervousness and an irritable spiritual distress.

A recent article on humorists in the *Times Literary Supplement* says in part: "Unfortunately today, when periodicals like to display on their covers as many names as they can, the humorous writer who acquires distinction in a certain line finds that that line is what he is expected to pursue. . . . This may be easily understandable as business, but it is not good for letters or for writers who like to splash about and experiment."

violence, or conclude that in a country still rich, still comfortable by comparison with most of the rest of the world, and through vast regions much loved and still more enjoyed by its inhabitants, some psychological disease had infected an articulate minority.

This sharpness of tongue and unease in Zion is not to be explained by anything so simple as economic injustice. Only a Marxist blindly determined to fit history to his theory could believe that. It resembles in some ways the discontent (then chiefly spiritual), the bitterness, and the sharp unease of the decade preceding the English revolution of the seventeenth century, and if there was no hatred of the country, its farm lands and cities, then, there was a growing hate of men of differing opinions; which is undoubtedly the motive which leads so many of our novelists to scourge the fields and the streets that gave their compatriots birth. And well balanced rationalists were as much puzzled then by the murky eddies of discontent, as the equable American today who sees a land still rich in satisfactions, still beautiful where exploiting has not marred it, and recovering even there, still offering such privileges of free movement and recreation to its masses as no other country has ever provided, a country with a thousand problems but certainly not to be hated when England, France, or to come closer home, Canada, is loved.

It has been suggested that the unrest of the early seventeenth century in England —a time, incidentally, of relative prosperity, and growing wealth—was an aftermath of the Reformation. England had broken away from the old spiritual securities, and, doing well, doing ill, the Englishman felt a weight of personal responsibility for his soul which the church had cared for so peremptorily. He was free but he was disillusioned; he had escaped from a stale system but felt an anarchy about him which roused his energies but depressed and made irritable his spirit. The tempo of change accelerated until he struck out wildly like a swimmer adrift.



"WELL, ROBINSON DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A SWISS NAME TO ME."

To the Editor: *A Scientist on the Poet's Opportunities*

Poetry and Science

SIR:—Mr. Richard Greenleaf's discussion of poetry and science in the *Saturday Review* of September 8 leads me to call the attention of your readers to a portion of an article in the June, 1934, number of the *Scientific Monthly* by Dr. Maynard M. Metcalf, of Johns Hopkins University, one of the foremost biologists of the country. Coming from a scientist in this "materialistic" age, this should reassure us that we [illegible] the wonder of regulation amid the immensities of the universe, beyond the reach of the most powerful telescope; the equal wonder of regulation amid the minutiæ of atomic structure, far beyond the penetration of the microscope; the emergence of life on the earth, that speck of the universe of which we know most; the gradual development of intelligence, of reason, of appreciation of beauty and power to create beauty, even the transcendent beauty of personal character. A star is no greater than a violet; gravitation is a force that can not transcend love. But it is all one, beginning in the dust and reaching up into persons who can appreciate and create beauty, a constantly changing whole. And it doth not yet appear what there shall be.

Science just now, however, I think could well grasp the hand of poetry a little stronger.

PAUL H. OEHSER.
United States National Museum
Washington, D. C.

A Champion for Emerson Hough

SIR:—Highly as I regard Mr. W. J. Ghent, I do not like to have him say, or you to quote him as saying, in his writing about Charles Morrow Wilson's "Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark," that "parts of it seem to be based on Emerson Hough's preposterous novel, 'The Magnificent Adventure,'" etc.

It is likely true that the best authority on Meriwether Lewis and Clark as well was my relative, the late Dr. Reuben Goldthwaites. (And incidentally, the great librarian's name was Goldthwaites, all one word, and not Gold separate and Thwaites separate. His grandmother was my grandmother's sister; and both of them were near relatives of FitzGreen Halleck.)

Emerson Hough is dead. He was my friend. He still is my friend wherever he is. He never pretended that "The Magnificent Adventure" was more than a novel. His "Covered Wagon" was largely done in my camp. I talked with him about many [illegible] all of Emerson Hough's novels were just novels, and clean and clear and straight and honest, swift-moving and compelling. Where he pretended to state historical facts they were facts.

The entire Nevins-Wilson controversy isn't worth the space you give it. Wilson's book has exactly the merit that it has, and cannot be made more or less now by him or Nevins or Ghent or anybody else. It is a conjectural, loose thing, but nevertheless has its values.

I am writing this because Emerson Hough is dead; and yet he lives in my heart and memory as in the highest human regard of all who ever knew him.

CHASE S. OSBORN.
Duck Island, Mich.

Cobbett Letters

SIR:—I am just completing a collection of the letters of William Cobbett, the political journalist. Information respecting any letters now in private or public collections in the United States would be greatly appreciated.

In particular, information from the present owner or owners of a collection of twenty-six letters to Mr. John Morgan of Philadelphia would be most valuable. This series, running from 5 Nov., 1804, to 23 Dec., 1819, is known to have been in the possession of Mr. Nathan Jones of 85 Union St., Philadelphia, in November 1852.

WILLIAM REITZEL.
Haverford College,
Haverford, Pa.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

MY SHADOW AS I PASS. By SYBIL BOLITHO. *Viking.* The somewhat fictionized biography of William Bolitho by his wife.

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Norton.* A survey of the last century and a discussion of the future.

FONTAMARA. By IGNAZIO SILONE. *Smith & Haas.* A charming tale of peasant Italy with a political slant.

This Less Recent Book:

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. *Simon & Schuster.* A volume of biographical sketches.

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Bernard De Voto's Novel of Character

WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE. By Bernard De Voto. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

TO the relatively short list of books whose final chapter the reader begins with regret, Mr. De Voto has added one more novel. It is a long one, and there is not a dull page in it. He has taken a group of men whose common bonds were three—they had gone to Harvard together; they had fought the war; they all had known Julian Gale, who, cousin of two of the surviving four, had himself survived the war only to die shortly thereafter, his promise unfulfilled, his history and potentialities to become a legend to those who had been associated with him. One of them wrote the history, and it was printed privately for his friends, and if, as he worked with his materials, Loring Gale came inevitably to learn more about the legendary Julian, so that some of his glamor faded, the bond that united the four men was not thereby loosened.

All these men were, in a sense that has now become almost classical, members of that generation which, if not actually lost, was disorganized to an almost fatal degree, so that their only defense in the face of a society they could no longer accept, was to accept it and themselves with something that bordered on quiet desperation. Their memories of the war alone remained romantic, for romance had left their lives when the war ended; they were willing to accept themselves at face-value, and live from that point on. With difficulty, Jonathan Gale retained his self-respect; Gage Ewing divided his loyalties between bacteriology and epicurean living; Loring was the type of the defeated liberal—his magazine bought up by "the interests," his faith in himself destroyed by a disability to focus on any attitude that might maintain his dignity, he thought for a while of writing the book that Julian might have written, but remained to collect his letters for a limited edition. Ric Barreda achieved success in the world of music-comedy, retaining a balance more fundamental than the others, and it was through their common instrumentality that Ted Grayson, almost destroyed by the physical impact of the war, was weaned back to health, only to be more effectively destroyed by his success and his restored balance.

Tied to the lives of these men were the lives of their women: Jonathan's wife, Elizabeth; Julian's sister, Hester; Beatrice Gale, Ted Grayson's Libby. And at one time or another, the ghost of Julian rose to plague them all.

This is rich material, and Mr. De Voto has made much of it. That he could not make more, provides matter for considerable regret, but it is easy to be content with what he has done. He has written an

BERNARD DE VOTO

engrossing book, that the reader will not readily put down before he reaches the end. He has created at least three memorable characters: Libby, Gage, and Ted. But whether the failure has arisen from his choice of a relationship that might have been vital but still seems artificially contrived, or from the attitude that informs the book, there is one thing he has not done. He rarely moves the reader to anything more than intellectual stimulation. The ties that bind these people are followed by the reader with an interest which, if not breathless, is unflagging; the bare facts of their daily lives lead him on to find out what will "happen," the record of past and present facts moves before him, and it bears the stamp of authenticity and tireless observation. Yet he can witness the dramatic events with equanimity; he can contemplate the petty mishaps, misunderstandings, jealousies, and passions of them all without sharing in them more than intellectually. They are all fatally intelligent; they are all witty and wide-awake (so much so that at times their conversation becomes almost interchangeable); they are all in motion, but they do not move; they go from day to day, but still they do not live.

Peasants and Fascists

FONTAMARA. By Ignazio Silone. New York: Smith & Haas. 1934. $2.50.

THIS story of a peasant village in the Abruzzi, written with a furious emotional drive and an acridly savage humor, is also a political pamphlet—an attack on all modern Italian governments and most especially on the Fascist government. Mr. Silone is a radical exile, devoted to relieving the oppressed farmers; and the value of his book as a pamphlet depends on its truth, or partial truth—for if the Fascist atrocities here described are even half true, some exaggeration is excusable. The stealing of the water on which the villagers of Fontamara depend, by a local politician; the savage reprisals when the villagers show the faintest sign of dissatisfaction—occupation by Fascist militiamen who rape all the girls, followed ultimately by a general massacre at the hands of government troops—if this is even fifty per cent true, Italy under Mussolini is worse off than Italy under the Austrians or the Lombards.

Unfortunately, nobody can check up on the story; but even if its historical value be discounted the book is worth reading for its picture of the peasant mind and its interaction with the more cunning mind of the town dweller. One of the Fontamara peasants thus recites the order of authority in the universe:

> At the head of all is God, lord of heaven. Then comes Prince Torlonia, lord of earth. Then comes the armed guard of Prince Torlonia. Then come the hounds of the armed guard of Prince Torlonia. Then nobody else; and still nobody else; and still again, nobody else. Then come the farmers. (The authorities are divided between the third and fourth classes, according to their wages.)

In the old disorderly days of Italian politics over which Fascism, in the opinion of its admirers, is such an improvement, the peasants of every village had to depend on some local politician as their mediator with the powers that were. For Fontamara, this was Don Circostanza; "he had cheated us hundreds of times, of course, but he had always had such a warm-hearted, friendly way of going about it." But under the new dispensation everything was different; the troubles of the villagers were such as peasants have suffered since the dawn of history, but their shape was "new and extraordinary."

> Militiamen had come to Fontamara and violated a number of our women. . . . Fascisti had beaten and even killed persons against whom the law had nothing to assert, solely because they had been an annoyance to the Promoter [the local capitalist and boss] and that was clear. But the assailants and murderers were always given rewards by the authorities and that was not clear.

Finally one man in Fontamara revolted; in Rome he let himself be put to death so that a radical agitator might escape, and dying, he pointed out that "I shall be the first farmer to die not for himself but for the others. To unite the rest of the farmers." This is an intrusion of Silone's political creed, but it is also a shrewd observation on peasant mentality. The man knows his hill billies, he also knows his politicians and local magnates; and if he exaggerates there appears a good deal of excuse for it. And Americans who boil over with indignation about such goings on might reread Stribling's trilogy.

Bolstering Up the Family

THE WOLVES. By Guy Mazeline. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL PUTNAM

JOURNALISTICALLY, the interest in Mazeline's "The Wolves" (*Les Loups*) lies in the fact that, back in the autumn of 1932, after having been nosed out on the Prix Femina by a margin of three votes, in favor of Ramon Fernandez's "Le Pari," it was three days later awarded the much more impressive Prix Goncourt, over the violent protests of M. Lucien Descaves and others, who insisted that the Goncourt that year should by all means have gone to Louis-Ferdinand Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night" (*Voyage au Bout de la Nuit*). Readers on this

GUY MAZELINE

side of the Atlantic will accordingly now have an opportunity of judging the merits of the controversy.

This, however, is superficial. The significance of M. Mazeline's book is on the social rather than the literary side—what significance is there. The author's canvas, like Céline's, is a large one; "The Wolves" came in on the wave of 600-page novels; but it takes more than length to produce a masterpiece. No, if "The Wolves" is to claim our interest, it must be as a contribution to the ever-growing literature of the French family, a literature which is suffering from over-production.

What is the meaning of all this literary fuss about the family? When a subject breaks so persistently into print, it is safe to assume that there is a reason, a social reason, behind it all. There assuredly is such a reason in the present instance, as any one acquainted with French life must know. It is true, the gentlemen who (Frenchmen or Francophiles) write textbooks on French civilization will inform us that the French family is a noble institution, the very backbone of the French nation, etc. If this is correct, then all that one can say is, judging from the novelistic charts of these past few years—novels written by her own sons—France must be afflicted with spinal meningitis.

The plain truth of the matter is, the family in France has been very badly battered in the breech. The same has been true, to a greater or less degree, with regard to bourgeois family life on the Continent as a whole, and it is not for nothing that Signor Mussolini, and Herr Hitler in his muddled way, are so painfully anxious to "save the family," as a rock of safety for that class they would salvage, the bourgeoisie. But in France, ever since the war, the symptoms have been more apparent, more glaring. For the battering of the family is inevitably to be associated with that "Revolt of the Sons," which really started during the war, in 1916, and in Germany, with the performance of Walter Hasenclever's play, *Der Sohn* ("The Son"). It was in this same year, it is to be noted, that M. Tzara from his Zürich café launched the movement known as Dada, which, essentially youthful and even juvenile in character, was nothing if not, in genesis and in animating spirit, a rebellion on the part of the sons of the bourgeoisie against all the *bourrage du crâne* or "head-stuffing," as they called it, to which they had been subjected by their patriotic and bellicose elders.

"Very well," said the young, "we will rise up and shout the insultingly meaningless syllables of DADA at the whole of this civilization which our muddling sires have dinned into us." And this note of filial revolt—that "war of generations" of which we heard so much during the *après-guerre* period—was to be exacerbatedly heightened by the Surrealists. The latter simply refused to accept the reality of that world which their fathers had built up; they would seek an escape in the "super-real" world of the subconscious, the unconscious, paranoia, and the dream.

The hammering of the family, it hardly needs to be pointed out, is no longer limited to *les jeunes;* the Messrs. Mauriac, Maurois, Duhamel, *et cie.*, scarcely come under that heading. The theme has become common literary property, too literary. And the angles of attack vary with the author.

The theme, as has just been said, is a bit too literary by now, and is hardly one to lure an up-and-coming young novelist, unless he can give it a new treatment—a new content, in the way of a new and pertinent analysis (the economic one), or a new technique. M. Mazeline gives us neither. He apparently wanted to do an old-master, something in the tradition of Flaubert and the Goncourts with a little of the Russians thrown in. With this in view, he takes one of those families that stalk in drama as their quotidian and sustaining atmosphere. The very title, "The Wolves," advertises the author's intention: Kipling's proud, clawing, and untamable jungle tribe. The setting, too, must be adequately suggestive, and M. Mazeline has done well in selecting Le Havre, a ghostly town if there ever was one, peopled with the hulks of phantom ships and the shades of their skinny crews, à la Pierre MacOrlan and the detective thriller. There is an attempt at capturing something of M. Julian Green's inimitable nightmare atmosphere, but this does not quite come off.

There are a number of things in the book that fail to come off. The best portrait offered, that of Virginie Jobourg, the old she-wolf grandmother who heads the brood, is spoiled by grandiloquence in the end. The strutting but wholly unfounded pride of her son, Maximilian, may appeal to those who are capable of being moved even by the weaknesses and vices of the *ancien régime,* simply because it is the *ancien régime,* but it rings very false in this day of starving millions.

In the characterization of the novel as a whole, there is a certain skimming superficiality at times; the author's world does not always come alive for us. Take the picture of the aged mother who deliberately ruins her son in order to get him away from her daughter-in-law, whom she hates, and have him for herself. This is not convincing as is the father in Mauriac's "Vipers' Tangle," who would disinherit his children to enjoy by anticipation their reactions. The same of the son-in-law, Georges Peige, who would be a "Wolf," but who, strive as he may, cannot bring it off, and who would ruin his father-in-law for the pleasure of lending him money. The brush-stroke in such passages is too heavy, and the result is—unconvincingness; and yet more unconvincing are the relations of Maximilian and his illegitimate daughter, Valérie, which are constantly skirting the edges of melodramatic bathos.

As for M. Mazeline's style, it is at best undistinguished. He fails to make a proper employment of the canvas which he takes to himself. There is throughout an annoying repetitiousness, a repetitiousness often in place of a carrying-on or deepening of the plot. What the book suffers from more than anything else is a lack of foreshortening. As one French reviewer observed with biting Gallic sarcasm, there is nothing sketchy about this novel except its style; and he adds that M. Mazeline might have learned something from the cinema cut.

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A Humorist in China

ONE'S COMPANY. By Peter Fleming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHAT is undoubtedly wrong with the European and American conception of China, Japan, and Russia is that all the great authorities, correspondents, and lecturers take them too seriously. When an author sits down to write a book on a Far Eastern country, he apparently feels that it is necessary to remove from his soul every vestige of humor and joy. He stands before every bit of oriental silliness awe-struck.

IN THE PEI RIVER GORGES
A photograph by Peter Fleming, from "One's Company."

It was, therefore, with a feeling that here [illegible] good time doing it, and as he is only twenty-six years old, he was unable to keep his fun to himself. He is often terribly wrong as to facts, but he is never wrong as to fun. He gets frightfully muddled about Chinese personalities, but he sizes up Chinese persons with unerring canniness.

He commences his book with a warning to the reader which is a perfect description of the country and most writers on the country:

> The recorded history of Chinese civilization covers a period of four thousand years.
> The population of China is estimated at 450 millions.
> China is larger than Europe.
> The author of this book is twenty-six years old.
> He has spent, altogether, about seven months in China.
> He does not speak Chinese.

But Fleming has this advantage over fellow tourists in that he started out by knowing that he did not speak Chinese and that in seven months he could not become the world's leading authority on Confucius. And that is why his book makes such delightful reading.

There is an interview with His Highness, Pu Yi, Emperor of Manchuria, which, if the truth were told, is not unlike interviews that itinerant correspondents have with many Chinese officials. It reads like Wodehouse and is sound politics, if only the reader will believe every word he he reads.

I like the Japanese, and therefore I hope that all the Japanese will read this book. The Japanese are a very serious people, and they never realized that to most Europeans they are at times very funny. They are funny because they are so serious, and the European cannot understand why they are so serious. It would be more advantageous to the Japanese if they could catch the laughter in Mr. Fleming's description, and if with him, they would occasionally laugh.

It is a little surprising how much ground this young man was able to cover in a short time. Apparently the impressionistic humorist can move quickly because he doesn't have to read year books, and he doesn't have to take statistics too seriously. And yet Mr. Fleming is capable of these sentences:

> Fundamentally the problem of eliminating the bandits [in Manchukuo] is economic. As the prosperity of the country increases discontent will die, and banditry with it. Yet the bandits themselves are the chief obstacle to economic progress. The immediate primary needs are better communications and education . . . Both these will be forthcoming in time.

And these are probably the soundest words that have come out of Manchuria in two years. Only at one point do I fear that Mr. Fleming over-reached himself and that is when he writes about communism in China without ever having been in communist country. It is a little dangerous for a humorist to become serious about what he hasn't seen, and careful perusal of the book would indicate that Mr. Fleming has only been guilty of second-hand data once, which is an amazing record in Far Eastern literature.

George E. Sokolsky, who has lived many years in the Orient, is the author of "The Tinderbox of Asia."

From Harrison II to Roosevelt II

(Continued from first page)

to have had, according to his record, less contact with the presidents than with the presidents' wives. While the president was in the executive office he was lost to the chief usher who remained in the White House. It is evident from these reminiscences that Ike Hoover gave his heart to Frances Folsom Cleveland, who came to [illegible] wife. His picture of her is memorable. He remarks that "her very presence threw an air of beauty on the entire surrounding, whatever the occasion or the company."

Chief Usher Ike Hoover contributes little to the inside political history of the White House in his story of the forty-two years. He verifies some things, as for instance the interregnum that came in the autumn of 1919 when Wilson was stricken, and lasted until March 4, 1921, when Harding came to the White House. In those months everyone knew that the President was practically incapacitated for public service. Mrs. Wilson, surrounded by a small cabinet group and Admiral Grayson, the President's physician, performed the presidential duties. The chief usher tells us that his wife guided his hand when the President signed official documents. All the world suspected this. But the authentic story has not been written, indeed may never be written, from the inside. For those who knew best what was going on in the presidential sick room are not likely to become garrulous in their old age. There was little ground for bragging! But the chief usher's memoirs do for a moment and possibly finally lift a dark curtain and let us see a rather disconcerting spectacle.

Another event is illuminated by these memoirs, the Coolidgean attitude toward a second regular term. After President Coolidge had written the cryptic phrase "I do not choose to run," it is Ike Hoover's theory that Coolidge expected the people to renominate him. The chief usher's theory was that Coolidge's statement merely indicated that he would not be an active candidate and that he presumed his friends would make him a receptive candidate, which they did not do. The picture which Ike Hoover makes of the president waiting, during the Kansas City convention which finally nominated Herbert Hoover — waiting with a certain bitter eagerness as the inevitable nomination of his successor culminated—is terribly illuminating. It is not the picture of Coolidge in the executive office, but of Coolidge in the White House, who, when at last the news came that Herbert Hoover was nominated, flounced into his bedroom after lunch, threw himself undressed across the bed, and did not come out until the next morning.

Altogether, while it is obvious that the chief usher had a definite contempt for the trash which President Harding gathered about him in the White House, it is obvious that he had less esteem for Coolidge than for any other president, and his picture of the Vermont Yankee and of his Yankee ways in the White House will be one to which future historians will turn with curious interest.

Which brings us to the sum of it all. This book has no great historic value. It is, however, a book which no one writing American history between the 1880's and the 1930's can overlook. For here is background, here are social customs, here are [illegible] revealing flashes, lightning-like [illegible] veiled by the chief usher from Harrison to Franklin Roosevelt, but two or three of them are portrayed, if clumsily, still truthfully or at least reasonably, by his rather awkward pen. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge, he portrays most vividly, whether truthfully or not is another matter. Probably no man knows all the truth about another, but this man, the major domo of the White House, knew something about the ten presidents whom he saw daily during their White House careers, and what he saw is set down honestly even if with human prejudices; not only is it honestly written, but the story is chronicled with a certain dumb, kindly, determined intention to be fair, an intention that might well be called courageous. The result is a readable book if one is interested in American public life and particularly American public life at its apex in the White House.

FROM LEFT: *J. Sterling Getchell, Margaret Lehand, Albert Towsley (Secret Service Agent), Bert Ridgway and W. F. Chamberlain of the Chrysler Corporation, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and Ike Hoover. The car is a 1933 DeSoto custom convertible sedan. From "Forty-two Years in the White House."*

Childhood Memories

DEW ON THE GRASS. By Eiluned Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

THERE is so much real beauty in this recollection of a happy childhood that I found myself regretting what seemed to me a too conscious admission of its charm and too much recognition of the unusual qualities of the children concerned. There are four, Lucy, Delia, Maurice, and Marion, living at Pengarth, near the "Young Severn." Their surroundings are perfect, so old, picturesque, and romantic that had the children been little clods instead of rarely intelligent and imaginative, they must have quickened to the environment.

"The man who planned the outhouses" (six hundred years before)

> planned them all in a piece and with an eye to what was required of a gentleman. The grey stone saddle room, with its leaded windows, was lofty and raftered like a church. Above the long line of coach houses, loose-box, wash-house, bottle-room, and granary stood a gilded weather-vane on a bell tower: the apple loft, with its stone steps and pointed roof, wore a faintly ecclesiastical air, and the spreading barns, cow-houses, woodshed, pig styes, and dog kennels, the walled kitchen garden with its stone sundial, its ample potting-shed and greenhouse suggested complacent dignity and infinite leisure.

. . . Beyond the tangle of buildings were orchards, woods, hayfields, water-meadows, all lying ready for the long, free days; back-drops for simple games, or for elaborate inventions when the children from the Rectory add their inventiveness to that of the children of Pengarth.

Lucy, at nine, is the pace-setter for the others: she is the poet laureate, and the most fertile in her imaginings. And she has the keenest capacity for translating both suffering and ecstasy from imagination into reality. Her awareness of the sin of hiding in the forbidden corn-bin, of waiting for God to call her as he did the infant Samuel, with perhaps a little more

> Think, think, think
> Of all the wrong you've done.

The Pengarth children are not essentially different from others in the things they do and pretend. They are fortunate in doing them in an ideal setting and in their freedom from artificial restraints; lessons they have, without the levelling processes of a school room; their zest for information is uncommon; facts are both adhesive and pliable and are put to work in the creation of a crowded company of household companions. "They were not noticeable to everyone, but Lucy knew all about them—their habits and peculiarities, and the tragedies of their lives for they all had secret sorrows." The Innocent Child, who seems to have stepped from the Inquisition; the Toothless Hag, who appeared synchronously with the loss of Lucy's first teeth, Queens Bertha and Catherine, the Young Acrobat, the two Feudal Ladies and The Armenians. To me they seem almost too sophisticated, or else the author's memories of them have sharpened them and given them a pungency which is unchildlike. Especially the young princess who was so beset with unworthy suitors that she dismissed them with the song:

> O, little lizards in the pond,
> I think you are of me more fond
> Than those who come to trouble me.
> O little birds that sing and fly,
> I think for me you'd gladly die
> And would not stop to worry me.

"Dew On the Grass" will probably not interest children in the least—nor is it intended to. Its artful simplicity and its words which have the sweetness of apples and the tang of marigolds cannot fail to delight most adult readers. I think best of all I like these sentences, which describe the book perfectly:

> How round and still the world seemed then! The blue rim on the nursery tea-service was a circle that enclosed it, and safe inside were the dim room shadowed with leaves, the white cloth, the sound of wood pigeons in the garden, the pattern in the branches of the trees which Lucy could see from her place at table.

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The BOWLING GREEN

III. Afterthoughts

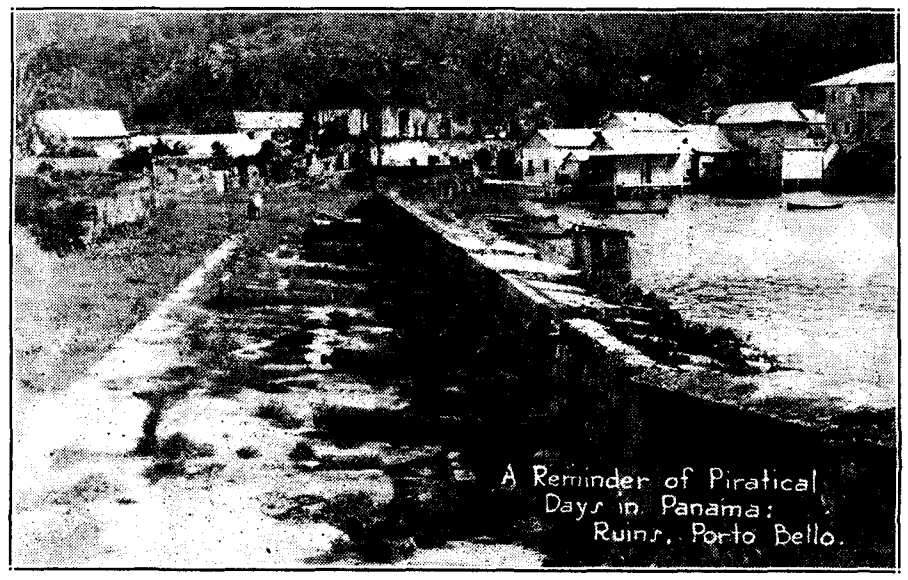
IT is difficult, just now, to say anything about ships which will not seem motivated by the tragedy of the *Morro Castle*. I was writing, when the news of that horror came upon us, a piece about the innocent pleasures of being a passenger and about the "physical integrity" of ships themselves. I discarded it, for it would have sounded too painful in print last week. I was thinking of course not of the so-called luxury vessels but of the honest middle-class creatures in which I have mostly travelled. None of the thoughts now in my mind has any specific bearing on the recent disaster, of which I know nothing beyond the news stories. Yet, in the bitterness of that affair, one might almost wish that her ghastly hull may long rest on the sands of Asbury Park, a pitiless reminder that the ancient enemies—Storm, Ice, Fire, Man Trouble—are still in full potential. She might not even hide her disgrace in the soon-forgiving sea. She lies there abeam the beach, complete in every circumstance of shame, a national monument against the idea that size and furnishing solve all the problems. It is brutally ironic that she should come, in her agony, to a place where the sea is thought of as a playground.

Much of the business of ocean travel in the past fifteen years has been built upon that false psychology. The lesson of the *Titanic* was forgotten in the War. Economic pressure created the cheap vacation cruises, and crowds of people who know little of ships and their problems are persuaded aboard in the idea that they are in a floating hotel. The tradition grew of passengers sailing in a frolic of flowers, cocktails, candies, and the latest fiction. It was the shipmaster himself who needed those anesthetics most, when he found that the owners, or the tourist bureau who had hired the vessel, expected her to be an ocean-going vaudeville. It was even considered bad manners if the company said very much about safety or carried out precautionary drills in any obtrusive way.

* *

This was all very human and natural. But a ship is not just a navigating casino and never can be. Those who have been brought up from childhood with an interest in seafare have watched with amazement and alarm the growth of the luxury fetish. Every time a brilliant new safety device was installed it was almost nullified by an excess of new ornaments and gimcracks. Each time a new ship was planned a little bigger or more fanciful than the preceding it was considered a national triumph—instead of a national folly. The city of New York even makes a hurrah of building new piers for vessels too huge to be surely handled and too populous for any single human responsibility. Future prosperity at sea lies in ships of medium size and (whether fast or slow) a decent simplicity of fittings. But you would never guess this from the advertising. I suggested the other day to a magazine publisher that he print an article on *Taking to the Boats*, discussing new ideas of lifeboat build and arrangement that seamen have often mooted. He raised his hands in a gesture of defeat. "What do you suppose would happen to our Cruise Advertising?"

One of the most amazing features of any ocean voyage is the complete lack of interest shown by almost all passengers in the details of routine and management on which their lives depend. Rarely will they take the trouble to learn the way to the lifeboat to which they have been assigned. If you ask a group of ladies having cocktails in the smokeroom before dinner which direction the ship is moving you will find several who hardly know forward from aft. Fellow-passengers in the *Santa Maria* a few weeks ago thought I was very droll because at the emergency drill I turned up at my appointed boat with lifebelt on—as I had been taught to do in Cunard and Anchor Line ships. It was even more comic, they supposed, when I gave one of the children the lifebelt and told her to go swimming in the pool with it on, to see how it felt. Another instance that struck me at the time: we were going down the Guayas River (from Guayaquil) in a very black night with blinding showers of rain. The channel there is ticklish and only a few yards out of the way might land one in the mud. I was standing up forward on the promenade deck looking out through an open window, getting very wet but extremely interested to see what was going on. The chief officer and the carpenter, standing by on the foc'sle head, were getting much wetter than I. I heard the sudden ring and clatter of engine-room signals in the deck casing overhead, we slowed, then the Captain's voice shouted an order from the bridge. The anchor went down with a roar. We remained at anchor for perhaps half



an hour until the rain thinned and we could see our course. The whistle blew at intervals as a warning for any other possible craft. Now during all this time there were people in the writing room, just aft of where I was standing; there were youngsters dancing in a sheltered portion of deck amidships; there were others sitting in the smokeroom and in the verandah café; and not one single person came forward to look out, to wonder why we were stopped or to guess what was happening. I know that the inquisitive busybody, always asking fool questions, can be a great nuisance; and such implicit assurance is a compliment to a ship's reputation. But it seems to me that the more intelligent passenger is somewhere between the two. Certainly I do not suggest that people go aboard ship with foreboding mien and abandon the various forms of sport and comedy that make a voyage enchanting. But I would at least have them realize something of the unalterable chances, and agree that the success of a voyage does not depend on mural paintings, panelled lounges, and satin drapes. Also that a ship loses virtue beyond a certain bulk. I remember the agitation of an old-time passenger, who had crossed the Atlantic fifty or more times, when by some shift of schedule he was transferred from the small cabin-class ship he had booked in to one of the giant liners. He was given a de luxe stateroom at no extra cost, and was completely unhappy all the way across. She did not feel nor look like a ship to his experienced senses. This is not mere wont or personal crotchet. If the impossible but occasional emergency happens, the population of so huge a vessel is too large to control.

* *

Seamen in active service will not talk in public about these things, and there are endless difficult and technical phases that knot up the problem. Merchant marine officers are underpaid for the anxiety and responsibility of their work, and in some companies crew personnel changes too frequently to make possible the discipline that can meet sudden crises. I am not thinking of the past but of the future. If I can say just one amateur word for the small ship, as against the big one, my conscience is satisfied. Often enough I have admired and marvelled at the miracles of the huge express liners, but I shall be happy to see the day when they will be thought as out of date as the Empire State Building, unprofitable and heart-breaking curiosities. I shall be as inquisitive as anyone to have a look at the new *Normandie* and the 534—but don't ask me to travel in them.

* *

I must come back, though it is a difficult theme in our present mood, to those days of sunshine in the *Santa Maria*. I don't *think* aboard ship; but I am now trying to think about being aboard ship. I don't even talk very much on shipboard, I find that I pass into a sort of speechless acceptance which is very comfortable. One of the greatest dangers of a passenger ship has always been the excess of conversation. In the ideal vessel there would be a deck marked off for Silence, to which one might, without giving offense, retire for uninterrupted reflection. I use the word reflection on purpose, for though I don't believe a single thought worth record was native in me during 26 days aboard ship, I could feel myself polished to receive or even refract any beams of light from outside. The notion I had in mind about the physical honesty of a ship was one such. You could see it everywhere: in the grain and twist of wire ropes, the scrubbed wooden board on which the bath steward set out the tub of fresh water, the flare of her bows rising softly on a slope of sea, the cook's helper peeling potatoes for the steerage. The hour or so just after breakfast is an excellent time for considering such things in a dull but peaceful way. Whether it might be the electrician overhauling the winches, or a deckhand slung in a bosun's chair to paint the mast, or the solid set-up of the improvised swimming pool, everything seemed efficient to its purpose. In the bottom of that pool, by some trick of broken light, were discs of brightness that shifted to and fro. They looked, under water, just like silver coins until you laid a finger on them and found them impalpable. One's thoughts were like that. Sometimes I reproached myself for being a poor reporter. There were interesting people, and I might have learned much by listening. But in that warm dazzle I felt no curiosity, no ambition, nothing but divine indolence. If I could make you feel the salty vitality of the Gulf Stream water in the canvas tank that would be enough. This was not a dismal Pompeiian mausoleum down below but something much nicer—a huge wooden box lined with tarpaulin, on open deck beside a hatch. Clear ocean water came hissing in through a hose, new from the sea. Over the edge of the tank, through safety netting, one looked right down upon the blue streaming alongside. It was almost frightening: one felt bodily in mid-ocean. On the hot canvas of the hatch those eager for sunburn lay basking, shining with olive oil, perhaps calling presently for a Planter's Punch.

And that makes me think of good Mr. H., humorous leader in most sports and sociabilities of our southward run. He is a gentleman of Kentucky who has lived long in Peru; he has the true Kentuckian's genius for amenity. Older than most of us, and lately recuperated from illness, he was still easy champion in all activity; whether athletics, cards, or the more subtle movements of a kindly heart. How delightful to see, under the grizzled outline of a mature and valued citizen, the face of an impish small boy. In the pool we used to assert that he must have submarine blood, for he spent most of his time swimming under water and could retrieve more spoons from the bottom than anyone else. The movement of the pool of course compensated that of the ship, so that even if she rolled the swimmers felt themselves suspended at a point of perfect level balance. Masts and sky, hull and sea, the whole visible world, swung gently around ourselves as absolute center; a good egotistic feeling. And Mr. H. would rise to the surface and blow, and perhaps declare some dividend from his rich surplus of human observation. We were discussing whether to order a julep, and he told a pleasant anecdote of a Yankee who had moved to Louisville to live. His friends up North deplored what happened to him. "They taught him to put weeds in his whiskey, and it just about ruined him."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Life in the Civil War

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT, 1850-1865. By Arthur C. Cole. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

WE have long been accustomed to associate Seward's famous phrase, "The Irrepressible Conflict," with the political and military events of the period from 1850 to 1865, but in the present volume they receive only a passing nod. Professor Cole is concerned primarily with the daily life of the average man and significant movement or p a social, economic, or cult the North, West, or South in these critical years seems to have escaped the author's notice, nor does any source which might have contributed grist to his purpose appear to have been overlooked. His comprehensive critical essay on authorities, presented as a concluding chapter, will be treasured as a mine of useful bibliography by students of the era. While Professor Cole has apparently been on the qui vive for new light on the various aspects of town and country life and has retrieved from obscure places many worthwhile and entertaining items of information, the chief value of his book lies not so much in its originality as in the admirable synthesis of materials gathered from a multitude of books, magazines, and newspapers. The pages are laden with facts, presented in orderly array, but occasionally—too seldom—the author sums up and interprets his findings with a freshness and whimsicality that adds much to the pleasure of the reading.

Of especial interest is the account of the efforts of some of the Southern leaders in the year before the war to encourage a boycott of Northern goods in order to force a greater consideration of Dixie's rights and "peculiar institution." Governor Pettus of Mississippi, for example, assured his constituents that if this were done it would "turn New England upside down in six months" and make paupers of half her population the day the boycott began. That many a Southerner embraced the suggestion and that the business interests of the North soon suffered a sharp curtailment of their profits in consequence is clearly demonstrated. And when they did and were brought to the further realization that disunion was likely to be accompanied by the forfeiture of debts incurred by gentlemen south of the Mason and Dixon line, not a few Yankee merchants and financiers stood ready to "barter away the moral principle" and clamor for a peace-at-any-price policy. The profit motive was no less honored in that day than in our own!

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A Letter from Italy

By IRENE DI ROBILANT

FEW European countries possess as varied a literary scene as contemporary Italy, and probably in no place is it as hard to get a general view or even an outline of the principal literary currents. The lack of really outstanding younger writers partly accounts for this. Present-day Italy has no great poet, novelist, or essayist around whom writers might rally and reporters use the trite sentences concerning schools and tendencies. Italy's best work is still done in the field of scholarly research, of history, philosophy, and criticism with such black sheep as Croce, Gentile, Salvatorelli, and Tilgher in the background. Although the writings of the last two have gained a widening audience through the newspapers, the former have already erected a lasting monument to themselves by years of distinguished achievement and are therefore satisfied to have their recent books circulate among the few who insist on reading, even if they do not purchase, a scholarly book. Writing for publisher Laterza's intellectual audience is doubtless a distinguished honor, but only those who are free of the necessity of making a living by their pen can aspire to it.

That few books are sold even in the fields of fiction and popular biography is a constant complaint in Italian literary circles, and the blame is variously laid on the authors, the public, and the publishers. Several kinds of publicity devices are both suggested and tried out in the hope of stimulating the somewhat sleepy market. Book fairs are held every year in all cities, and authors stand ready to autograph the purchased copies of their works. An enterprising publisher closed an agreement with a theatrical producer whereby a detective story is included in the price of a ticket for a mystery play. The popularity of French fiction brought forth a suggestion whereby literary imports would be subject to quota restrictions, and finally Italy offers literary prizes which are among the highest in Europe. These awards are of little use as far as the sales are concerned; the modest purse of the Prix Goncourt in France insures the author a tremendous benefit in the way of royalties, but it would never occur to an Italian to buy a book simply because it has been awarded one of the fifty thousand lire prizes (about $5,000) of the Italian Academy.

The small number of books sold, with the consequent shrinkage in the list of yearly publications, is in no way an index by which Italian culture or intellectualism can be measured. Italy is essentially a newspaper reading country, and the daily papers are without any doubt the only form in which a general view of contemporary literary tendencies can be obtained. Purely literary magazines and weeklies are hardly representative, being mostly the expression of one person or of a small group which has its own publicity in mind.

No high-class magazine enjoys the circulation and influence of either the French *Revue des Deux Mondes* or the American *Atlantic*. The excellent literary material appearing from time to time in Baldini's *Nueva Antologia* and Ojetti's *Pan* reaches large audiences only insofar as leading newspapers condescend to publish advance copies of some article of special interest. This is regarded as a favor to the publication, the papers therefore do not pay for the material used.

Besides the leading articles, which often have a distinctly literary character, the third page of Italian newspapers is entirely occupied by material which in America would be confined to either Sunday supplements or specialized magazines. The articles are often, but not necessarily, inspired by current news items. Some authors have a contract with a paper whereby the editor can count on a given number of fifteen hundred or two thousand word articles, leaving the writer free to choose his subject. Special series are sometimes featured; among others, the *Messaggero* in Rome has been printing articles by various authors on the Roman emperors in the course of which the characters of some, which, according to recent historical criticism, have been unduly blackened, are vindicated. The stories illustrating the monuments and places among which modern Italians have made their homes have proved very popular. It is in no way unusual to see small groups of people, including children and workmen, stand before the column of Trajan, with the paper in their hand studying scenes and figures which they had never taken the trouble to notice in the past.

Short stories, poems, articles on resorts, and on distant countries appear at regular intervals on the theory that the paper must provide reading material for every member of the family and for widely differing tastes. A northern Italian daily, the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, is at present experimenting with regular features, somewhat in the style of American journalism. It has columnists, whole pages made up like a supplement and devoted in turn to art, literature, fashions, and domestic science; the children are remembered with the comics and puzzles which appear on Sunday.

The rank and file of papers, however, have remained faithful to the traditional third page with its irregular variety of material of which the choice is so important in the life of the paper as to demand the chief editor's constant attention. That it is second only to the sport page in number of readers is a generally accepted fact.

Within the limits which the press bureau has defined for general use, the literary third page enjoys considerable independence. It escapes the monotony and high-flown language which has made newspaper reporting uniform and dull. The make-up differs not only according to the locality in which the paper is most widely read, but also reflects the personality of the editor in charge. Regionalism and individualism, two distinctly Italian traits, seem to have survived the levelling influence of fascism in this particular field. Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, which still boasts a national circulation nearing one million copies, offers third-page writers the highest remuneration and the largest audience. To have a contract with the paper or even an occasional assignment is an index of material success. It enables the *Corriere* to secure the service of the best writers, but has on the other hand subjected it to outside pressure which is partly responsible for the dull and uninteresting material appearing at the side of truly outstanding contributions.

Travel articles and regular surveys of distant and little known countries have for a long time been a popular feature in Italian journalism. The *Corriere della Sera* was the first in the field with its star reporter Luigi Barzini, who covered the Russo-Japanese war, and following the success of his glowing descriptions visited a number of countries in the interest of his paper. A school of impressionistic travel writers was immediately developed starring such specialists as Cipolla, Apelius, Fraccaroli. Their Mexicos, Hollywoods, Indias, Chinas appeared in series and then were published by the half dozen in book form. Up to a very few years ago this material was readily absorbed by a gullible public which left the adventure of seeing the world to laborers and seamen. Nowadays, cheap cruises, reductions on international railroad fares, and lately the benefit of exchange have made Italians great travellers. The old-time color story has lost its charm: inaccuracies are pointed out by an increasing number of people who have seen for themselves, and the papers have to resort to careful observers who can offer facts, and who are required really to visit the localities which they are describing. Amerigo Ruggeri's articles on "Unknown America," and Corrado Alvaro's "Notes from Russia" now appearing in the Turin *Stampa*, as well as Cesco Tomaselli's highly informative series on Japan and Manchukuo in the *Corriere della Sera* are notable evidence of the new tendencies and real progress in this field.

The New Doll's House

DIE TÖCHTER NORAS. By Otto Flake. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1934.

THE Daughters of Nora are the emancipated young women who have multiplied in their thousands and tens of thousands since the days when Ibsen's play was considered a daring pioneer work. The writer who is the hero of Otto Flake's novel has had considerable experience of women; their differing types, and their reactions to himself may almost be considered an obsession of his, and certainly the analysis of his own feelings and their psychology is apt to be tedious. But there is a particularly interesting study in one type of the ultra-modern emancipated young woman, determined to live her own life to a degree that Nora even would have thought exaggerated. But will she find happiness? Clearly not, and clearly too, the writer is not satisfied with such a type. After several experiments he thinks he has found a satisfactory mate. She is a disciplined woman; she approves of National Socialism, she evidently represents the new "heroic principle" that is considered to have entered German life. But then she is drowned, while the writer is killed in an aeroplane accident. The ideal union is thus never consummated, but that Otto Flake should now be found to celebrate it is a measure of the reaction that has taken place in Germany against the thoughtless hedonism that followed the first Revolution.

In his worst temper he was calm compared to Coolidge. . . . His children took their pony for rides in the elevator.

He is one of ten Presidents (and their wives) frankly and intimately described by Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover, Chief Usher of the White House under ten administrations, in . . . . . .

42 YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Had Samuel Pepys been Chief Usher to ten Presidents, he might have written such a book as this. Readers of today will revel in it; future historians will find it a gold mine.

He traded at Piggly Wigglys and had his hair cut while at breakfast.

$3.50 Houghton Mifflin Co.

by Aladar Kuncz

Aladar Kuncz, Hungarian, is no longer living. But he left a book which the world will not soon forget, a memoir of his four and a half years' internment in French prisons during the war. The power of the book is beyond question. It is thrilling—terrifying—incredibly revealing of the depths of the human spirit. Here are only a few of the amazing reviews of an amazing document:

"Indisputably one of the great memoirs of captivity, a book that, without once raising its voice, both thrills and touches."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*

"On the small shelf of the world's prison literature, side by side with Feodor Dostoevsky's *The House of Death* and E. E. Cummings' *The Enormous Room* will be found a place for *Black Monastery*."

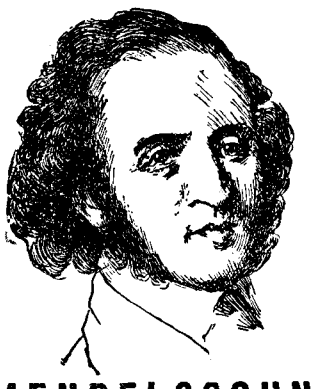
Time Magazine

"The author of *Black Monastery* has opened his veins and dipped the pen in his own blood . . . There is a strange unearthly power here."

PERCY HUTCHISON, N. Y. *Times*

"His is a voice from the dead . . . his story takes on the rhythm, the other-worldness of epic tragedy. It should take its place beside any of the narratives of captivity."—*Saturday Review* $2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK



MENDELSSOHN

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A modern musician and critic evaluates this prince of composers. A new, "full-length" biography of unusual approval.

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of *Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra*
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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

UPON the eve of leaving the mountains I find I have about a dozen small books of poetry, and one large fat one, upon which to comment before I pack up my books and start south with my portable typewriter. Surely the most ambitious of these volumes, and one attended by the greatest fanfare, is *Jesse Stuart's* "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow." It is the large fat one, made up of more than seven hundred sonnets so-called. The publishers feel that Mr. Stuart is in the tradition of such poets as *A. E. Housman, John Masefield,* and *Robert Frost.* The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Company. I cannot agree with them. I think that Mr. Stuart's picturesque origin and place in the world have blinded them in regard to the merits of his poetry. To give you an idea of Mr. Stuart, and why he should also be compared with *Robert Burns,* I quote from the publishers' "biographical picture" of him.

He came "from the dark soil in the Kentucky hills. He was born in 1907 near Riverton, Kentucky, of mountaineer farmer folk. His father's ancestors were Scotch; his mother's Indian and English." He says himself, "My father's people, the Stuarts, were feudists, killers, drinkers, country preachers, Republicans, and fine soldiers. My mother's people, the Hiltons, were country school-teachers, moonshiners, rebels, and Democrats." In Stuart's childhood he worked on the farm and went to school; then he left the hills to work in the American Rolling Mills, where he didn't like forging steel; in his third period he got a college education in Tennessee and nearly starved to death trying to live on eleven meals a week. Now he is back on the farm. He says, "The extra steam I gather from living escapes in poetry."

That there is a natural feeling for poetry in this man and an occasional ability to write of his country and of his neighbors in a most interesting way, it would be foolish to deny. Technically considered, his work is loose and rambling, and his book makes considerable demands upon one's patience. He writes as casually as though he were writing a diary, a diary in loose-jointed verse. Considered as sonnets, his poems are very bad sonnets indeed; considered as narrative, his book has something to recommend it, namely his honesty, his occasionally acute observation, a certain sensitiveness of feeling. His verse is also monotonous and repetitive. His emphases often jar. I open the book in the middle and shall quote a characteristic "sonnet." In it you have the rhythm of all of them, and the faults and the virtues.

Do you remember now, my Elizabeth,
The night we sat down on a rotted log;
We smelled the young corn and the pine trees' breath;
We listened to a night-hawk and a frog.
The wind blew your fine hair down on your face
And played the harp and viol in the young corn.
Have you forgotten then our long embrace
And how we left when stars had set for morn?
Do you remember how you were afraid
When blighted hickory nuts fell through the trees,
And when you heard the popping night corn-blades
And foxes tramping through old last year's leaves?
We heard the sobbing in the dark night-time
Like some old tune or half-forgotten rhyme.

I believe that it is as a human document that this book has its chief value. The poet has written for his own delectation. His book is worth reading for what it says concerning a genuine man. If you are at all like me, you will get bored with it, and put it aside, but when you take it up again you will perceive the same fresh tang that it somehow conserves and the flesh-and-blood reality of it. I do not recommend it as poetry, but as an interesting native journal.

THE ROCK

The book of words to this pageant play, "The Rock," is by *T. S. Eliot,* and is published by Harcourt. The purpose of the play was to provide a pageant of the Church of England for presentation on a particular occasion, and this was done. Mr. Eliot is not responsible for the scenario or design of the play. Some of his verse experiments in it are interesting, and his choruses particularly. His humorous writing is mild but quite good. In this book his is a devotional achievement. It has not very much to do with literature. Naturally some of his language has unusual distinction. It is possible that Mr. Eliot may be looked upon by future generations as the *Coventry Patmore* of his time; save that in his Puritanism Patmore could not unbend to the colloquial humor in which Mr. Eliot has indulged. But Mr. Eliot has also his loftiness, his devoutness, his zest for experimentation. He does not share his domestic love of love—that, to be sure, is a salient difference. Perhaps it is necessary to say to a generation that no longer reads him that Patmore was capable of writing some very fine poetry indeed. He was not as great as Francis Thompson, for instance, thought him; and he could write very badly on occasion. But he was most certainly a superior spirit, and one of the most remarkable religious poets of all time.

ETCETERA

The best of these other books seems to me to be *Charles Reznikoff's* "Jerusalem the Golden" (The Objectivist Press, 10 West 36th St., New York City). The man who wrote this slight volume in free verse is a delicate poet of his race. He also possesses an almost Chinese humor at times. His observations are worth considering. The other books I can only list with extremely brief characterization:

POEMS OF THE WAR AND AFTER. By *Vera Brittain,* author of "The Testament of Youth" (Macmillan). Quite mediocre.

TO ONE WHO MOURNS AT THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR. By *Kimi Gengo* (New York: Pilgrim House). A Japanese woman writing in English. Not very memorable.

BRIGHT AVOWAL. A Sonnet Sequence by *Sydney King Russell* (Boston: Bruce Humphries). Love sonnets that do not impress me.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE EARTH. By *Bonaro Wilkinson Overstreet,* author of "The Poetic Way of Release" (Knopf). Poems only rather good.

THE VALLEY OF THE BELLS. By *Irene Haugh,* with an Introduction by *A. E.* (Oxford: Blackwell.) Rather accomplished poems by an Irish woman.

SONNETS AND LYRICS. By *Katharine Shepard Hayden* (Boston: Bruce Humphries). Poems with nice feeling, but not very striking.

BACK TO THE NAMELESS ONE. Biosophical Poems by *Frederick Kettner* (New York: Macoy Publishing Company). If this be biosophy, make the most of it.

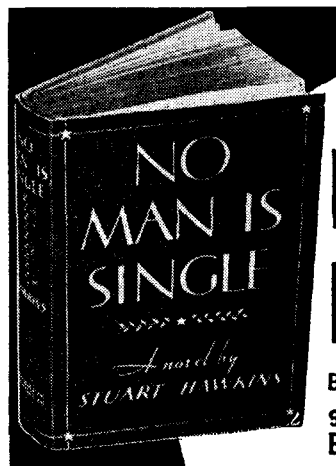
THE SHROUDING. By *Leo Kennedy* (Toronto: The Macmillan Company). A Canadian poet of mortuary tendency, but worth watching.

BOSCOBEL AND OTHER RIMES. By *James J. Daly, S. J.* (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.) Father Daly must be a pleasant person, but he is not a poet.

THING OF SORROW. By *Elder Olson* (New York: The Macmillan Company). This is a book of real poetry, and I shall review it more at length in a little while.

The National Arts Club has this week held an exhibit of Goudiana and rare books, sources of inspiration for the Goudy type, which marks the completion of Mr. Goudy's ninety-second type face, the Saks-Goudy type. The exhibit includes the Mitchell Kennerley collection of Goudy loaned by Vassar College and rare books of early examples of printing loaned by Lessing Rosenwald from his private library in Philadelphia, which show type sources and early examples of the printer's craft.

Also included in the exhibit are hand-illuminated texts before the era of printing and the pictorial story of type-making from the original drawing up to print, with associated items of personal interest, such as Mr. Goudy's tools, fine books issued by the famous Village Press in Marlboro, N. Y., a gold matrix of his new type—the first matrix to be set in gold in the history of printing; a cast of Goudy's right hand loaned by Earl Emmons, and the famous Goudy hat, the best beloved and worst looking hat in the graphic arts.



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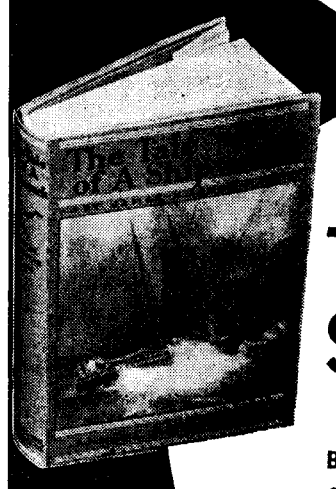
BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. The 1934 edition of this standard collection contains over 400 pages of outstanding short stories. Uniform with this is THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, 1934. (Each $2.50)

A COWMAN'S WIFE BY MARY KIDDER RAK. "Life on a present-day cattle ranch described with humor, wit, and a gallant spirit."—N. Y. Times. ($2.75)



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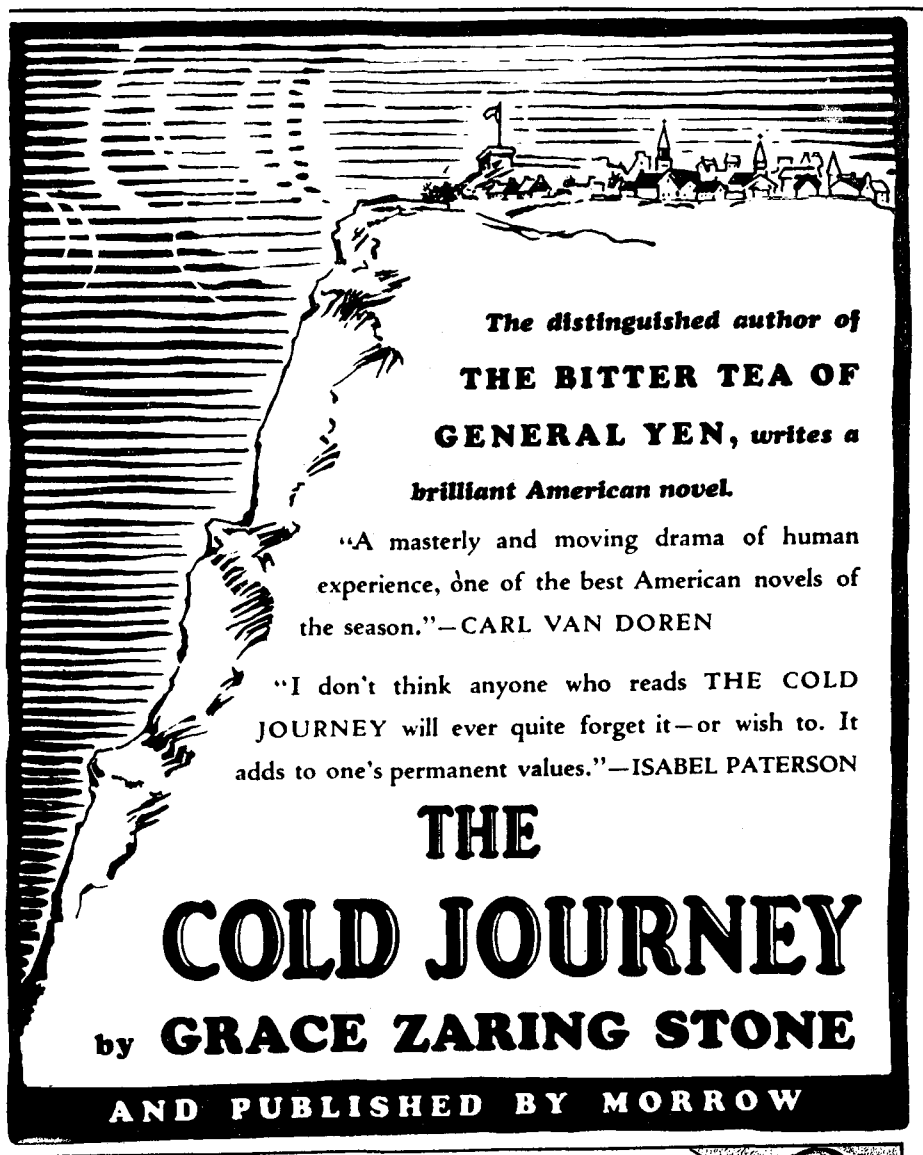

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The Modern Elysium

RUSSIA, YOUTH AND THE PRESENT-DAY WORLD: Further Studies in Mental Hygiene. By Frankwood E. Williams, M.D. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. HORSLEY GANTT, M.D.

THIS book is made up of lectures given over the radio, magazine articles, addresses in colleges, etc. Dr. Williams has been for the past twenty years a psychiatrist working in the field of human relations and mental hygiene. He has never been a radical, but a liberal, to whom the Russian experiment makes a tremendous appeal. His book is not a historical treatise but the revelation of one who is interested in and enthusiastic about a new movement. It is the result of two visits, *the first in 1930:*

> I received such a shock on this first visit that there was nothing to do but to go back the next year to prove to myself, at least, that what I thought I had seen on my first brief visit was actually true. This led to a journey of over ten thousand miles from one end of European Russia to the other, through cities, towns and villages, factories, hospitals, schools, prisons, wherever I could poke my nose—and I found I could poke it anywhere I wanted to. If I came away from my first visit shocked and stirred, I came away from my second visit deeply thoughtful.

All his doubts and questions, indeed, seem to have been answered satisfactorily on this later trip. For example:

> "But surely not all women want to work in factories or offices," I insisted to my Russian companion. "Aren't there any 'domestic' women, as we would call them, in Russia—women who want to devote themselves to the care of their children and their homes?"
>
> "Of course there are," replied my companion, the mother of a recently married daughter and an eighteen-year-old boy. "But it is absurd for a woman to devote her entire time to one child or to two or three. If she wants to devote herself to children she can go to the trouble of really learning something about them and then she can take care of a dozen or more. There are many of these women and they are in the nurseries and other places where trained people care for children."

Much of the book is written in this style, and there are solid paragraphs of quasi-philosophical questionings.

Dr. Williams is more concerned with the outline of the Russian plan than with the working of it, or the cost of operation. For example he glibly dismisses the difficult question of care of children of divorced parents with the bold statement: "If there are children, provision will be made for their care until they are eighteen years of age," whereas everyone familiar with the USSR knows the actual provision for the children has been a serious problem.

Likewise he makes the question of abortions seem very simple (a native of Moscow, however, in discussing it,—not in Dr. Williams's book—said: "Yes we have legal abortions but the child is twelve years old before you can get admission to the hospital)."

Russia has settled the two methods of approach to the mental hygiene problem, according to Dr. Williams, while America stands before it baffled:

> If we are right in regard to the etiology of anxiety, then the Russians are right in their approach to the problem as a whole, for the fundamental etiology can be attacked only indirectly and only as an accompaniment of tremendous social change.

He explains the differences in the point of view of mental hygiene workers in Russia and America, stating that in America there is propaganda about mental hygiene and work with individuals in Child-Guidance clinics in schools and colleges, while in Russia there is mental hygiene propaganda and work with the masses. Comparing the United States and Italy with Russia he finds superiority everywhere for the USSR except in the standard of living, the squalor of which is excused as follows:

> It is as though one were to condemn a city for its hog-wallow streets at a time when the city, as no other city, was busily occupied in putting its streets in order and at the same time, to complain of the necessary inconvenience caused by the process of laying the streets.

In comparing the purposelessness of the present day youth throughout the world with the belief of the past generation in God and service Dr. Williams states that only in the USSR, Italy, and Germany do we find the youth living purposefully, but that in the latter two countries inevitable war dooms them to disillusionment.

"Russia, Youth and the Present-Day World" is interesting reading, informative, and a close interpretation of the Soviet point of view. It leads one to assume however, that the system has proven itself beyond doubt. The Soviet Union puts out statements much as American small town boosters did in their halcyon days. Dr. Williams often does not look behind these "chamber of commerce" folders. Much more than a description of the Soviet Union his book is a criticism of things in the U. S. A., a prod to parents and a condemnation of the whole system of western civilization, holding up the Russian plan as the solution, which he accepts without too much questioning. His opinion of Russia is given in the following quotations:

> Russia is probably the only country in the world today that has a significant spiritual life. The Russian school is not a place where one "prepares for life" and from which one "graduates" into life. The school is not apart from life. It is life, and the preparation it gives is but for an extension into a fuller and larger life—but a life which the child has known from the beginning. Russia has done more in fifteen years to raise the moral standards of her one hundred and sixty million people than American education has done in one hundred and fifty years or the Christian church in 1933 years.

W. Horsley Gantt is associate in psychiatry in the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIME ON THE SOLENT *Freeman Wills Croft* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Theft of secret formula from British plant by rival firm leads to three murders all solved by Insp. French.	One clever crime you witness and watch French unravel; the other — diabolical — is dark till the end.	Masterpiece
THE CLUE OF THE DEAD GOLDFISH *Victor MacClure* (Lippincott: $2.)	Corpse in blackened ruins of British inventor's workshop brings Insp. Burford (whose scalp is wriggly) to scene.	Every little footprint has a meaning all its own in this extra-carefully worked out and slightly mechanical affair.	Good hunting
THE PRESIDENT VANISHES *Anonymous* *(no wonder)* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Nation's chief executive spirited away on verge of foreign war, with "Grey Shirts" et al. infesting Washington.	Clever stunt book, faked photos and all, that goes "pop" in spite of all the fixings.	False alarm
PATTERN IN BLACK AND RED *Farraday Keene* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	No'thern guest at So'thern mansion mysteriously killed. Another man dies before little Prof. Ames solves riddle.	Author gives leading clue before murder happens—try to guess it — in extra-ingenious handling of simple plot.	Capital!
DEATH IN THE THEATRE *J. R. Wilmot* (Claude Kendall: $2.)	Scotland Yard man poisoned in playhouse. Fellow-officers, journalist, and playwright unearth elusive killer.	Too loosely knit to be top-flight, but has plenty of action and colorful background.	Entertaining
THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES *Arthur Somers Roche* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Charming Manhattan widow, acquitted of husband's murder, quixotically hires reporter, who swears she's guilty, to clear her name.	Gunmen, chorines, society rotters and other Broadway mobsters career through super-speedy and smoothly-sophisticated tale.	Aces

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

E. W. L. of San Carlos, Calif., would like to have suggestions for reading in biography and history.

THIS very week the initial volumes of what should be an important historical series, THE RISE OF MODERN EUROPE (Harpers), edited by William Langer, professor of history at Harvard, are to make their appearance. I have not as yet seen them, but advance reports say that they are lavishly illustrated, and their editorship bespeaks their quality. The books which are to usher in the survey are Crane Brinton's A DECADE OF REVOLUTION, 1789-1799 and Frederick B. Artz's REACTION AND REVOLUTION, 1815-1832. With these works as background, E. W. L. might turn to the biography which Meade Minnigerode has just brought out, THE SON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE (Farrar & Rinehart), and to Philip Guedalla's brief but vivid study of THE HUNDRED DAYS (Putnam). This last little book is evidently but an incident in Mr. Guedalla's writing,—a sketch he threw off in his leisure hours—for his main efforts must have gone to the production of THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE (Doubleday, Doran), a collection of correspondence preceded by a long and illuminating essay on the background of the letters. This is a work of importance to the historian as well as of interest to the lay reader. If E. W. L. would pursue his investigations into English history further, he would find Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH (Morrow) eminently worth his time. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, whose series of books on the Victorian period has been appearing in the last few years, is a writer who ought to have much more currency in this country than he has yet achieved. He has a fund of fascinating information at his command, writes with vivacity and ease, and has presented a picture of Queen Victoria's days that is as revealing an interpretation of its points of view and general mood as is to be found. Since I'm on the subject of queens I might as well call E. W. L.'s attention to the biography of Queen Anne, by M. R. Hopkinson, which Macmillan is to publish this week. I read a large part of it some time ago in galley form, and found myself wandering on from chapter to chapter when I had no time at all to spare for that particular book, held by the sheer interest of the facts it chronicles. And Queen Anne, instead of being merely a figure wearing a crown, suddenly became a flesh and blood woman for me, often to be pitied and frequently to be admired. There's an excellent biography of still another English queen which came out this year (I'm confining myself to works of 1934), J. E. Neale's QUEEN ELIZABETH (Harcourt, Brace). Two more historical biographies, neither of them as yet published but both of them soon to appear, are *musts* for the reader of history, John Buchan's OLIVER CROMWELL (Houghton Mifflin) and Francis Hackett's FRANCIS I (Doubleday, Doran). This last has been heralded for some time past, but at last is actually to see the light.

If E. W. L. has had enough biography that is interchangeable with history in the foregoing books, perhaps he'll want to vary his reading with works like Hesketh Pearson's THE SMITH OF SMITHS (Harpers) in which that wit of the nineteenth century appears as author of some of the delightful repartees and bon mots that everyone knows and few know how to place; Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband, the famous dancer, NIJINSKY (Simon & Schuster), Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers), a charming account of the author's return to Serbia, Ernst Toller's I WAS A GERMAN (Morrow), and LISZT (Houghton Mifflin), by Sacheverell Sitwell. (And if he's very English, E. W. L. will be reading "Sashell" Sitwell.) When it comes to the American scene, the recent books for the most part take on a historical character again. There's a new, and what is likely to be, for a long time to come, the definitive life of Robert E. Lee about to appear from Scribners. The first two volumes of this work by Douglas S. Freeman are to be published this fall; the next two during the new year. A new volume in the Dodd, Mead series of historical biographies edited by Allan Nevins which has been running off with the Pulitzer Prizes for the past two years is all but ready to burst upon a world that once ate its breakfast, lunch, and dinner to the accompaniment of heated discussion of its subject and now, so far at least as the young generation is concerned, hardly knows the name of James G. Blaine. David S. Muzzey has written at length of the Plumed Knight and of the bitterness of his day. The book that everybody is likely to be quoting for some time to come is FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE (Houghton Mifflin), by Ike Hoover, White House usher from the administration of Harrison through that of Hoover. All sorts of odds and ends of political history as well as personal anecdote and informal description make the book of lively interest.

BOOKS FOR THE GARDENER

P. A. S. of Schenectady, N. Y., is interested in gardening and landscape and wants suggestions for books on those subjects.

Not so many weeks ago there came out a new and revised edition of Richardson Wright's STORY OF GARDENING (Dodd,Mead), the very book for P. A. S. This is a survey packed full of lively information, whose chronicle runs from the hanging gardens of Babylon to the hanging gardens of New York, and which presents every aspect of its subject. And a colorful subject it is, far from a thing of borders and boxes alone. They play their part, to be sure, but are often a frame for picturesque anecdote and historical incident. Scribner issues a very sumptuous work on GARDENS AND DESIGN, by J. C. Shepherd and G. A. Jellicoe, and the Oxford University Press a volume entitled LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE, by O. C. Simonds. Equipped with these more scientific and practical works, P. A. S. might turn to Laurence Binyon's LANDSCAPE IN ENGLISH ART AND POETRY (Cobden-Sanderson) for a discussion from the esthetic side, and might cap his reading with the charming GARDENER'S YEAR (Putnam), by Josef Capek, and Beverley Nichols's DOWN THE GARDEN PATH (Doubleday, Doran), which enjoyed much popularity in England recently.

CALIFORNIA HISTORY

P. H. of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is interested in a book dealing with the history of California, including its discovery and development up to the present time.

If it's a single volume she wants, P. H. can find a succinct history of the State in Gertrude Atherton's CALIFORNIA (Boni & Liveright). Anyone who has read Mrs. Atherton's novels knows how glowing an affection she has for her native state and how much of its early picturesque history serves as background for her tales. Especially is she interested in its Spanish period, and the civilization which had so different a tang from our own. If, however, P. H. wants to carry her studies further than a single volume will permit, she should go out in search of the nine volumes in the series entitled CALIFORNIA which the Powell Publishing Company of Los Angeles issued in 1930. Here she will find discussion of the state from its every angle, historical, political, scenic, economic, commercial, artistic, what you will —all of it written by experts and carefully checked up for statistics.

PICKETT AT GETTYSBURG

F. W. G. of Akron, Ohio, is anxious to secure the title of a good book on Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg.

There seems to be little in print specifically on Pickett, though of course all the histories of length accord considerable space to his famous charge. Vol. XXXIV (1906) of the Southern Historical Society Papers contains an article, PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG, by J. C. Mayo, and La Salle Corbell Pickett, his wife, published a volume entitled PICKETT AND HIS MEN which contains an introductory biographical sketch by George B. McClellan. Under the title SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH General Pickett's War Letters to His Wife were edited by A. C. Inman. I remember reading a good many years ago a volume entitled THE HEART OF A SOLDIER, which contained such letters—General Pickett was a great lover as well as a soldier, and his correspondence took on the aspect of love letters—but the title seems to have disappeared from the lists or else it was changed to that which the Inman volume bears. The very latest sketch of Pickett is that contained in the Dictionary of American Biography (Scribner) which has caught up to the P's. The volume which includes his name came out only last week.

Coming Wednesday:

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By ROBERT LITTELL

Three Pulitzer Prize winners, Sidney Howard, Marc Connelly and Caroline Miller, urge you to buy this book. *The Saturday Review* calls this novel of an artist colony, "Wise and entertaining. Crammed with interest. He writes with awareness." $2.50

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The Religious Animal

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE: A Study of Paganism. By John Strong Newberry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

THE "rainbow bridge" which gives title to this book is a myth or allegory of the author's own making, indicating that visionary path by which mankind has sought to scale the heavens, at least in moral or spiritual imagination. More concretely it is a caption by means of which he aims suggestively to summarize the religious history of races and cultures on up to the gates of the Christian era, for when he subtitles his work "a study of paganism" he has in view far more than that classical paganism which is the theme of his final chapter. Totemic superstition, Sumer and Babel, China, India, Egypt, Persia, Israel, and Anatolia each supplies the nub for a chapter in the series leading up to the "Roots of Olympos." The one theme underlying the treatment of all these varied sources of human religious thought is, as indicated, the rise in outlook and aspiration which ladderlike lifts the "religious animal" above miasma and magic into something human. This, of course, follows the evolutional assumption which is a part of the equipment of our age.

At the bottom, forming as it were the root of the rainbow, is totemism, which this author conceives not as a problem but as a take-off. With an enviable security of conviction he states:

> Totemism is the foundation of all religious thought, the aboriginal basis of every myth and cult. Survivals of it exist in every land. Indeed, it was the source of social progress. Paradoxically, it was this which induced our ancestors not only to domesticate animals, but also to grow crops, to abandon hunting for pastoral life, and to give up the customs of the nomad . . . for the settled life of the agriculturist.

The summit appears with the removal of the gods to Olympian elevations, which, unfortunately for them, involves them in eventual disaster:

> The deities were made immortal and provided with a paradise on the peak of a lofty mountain, like that which the Chinese and Hindus set on Mount Sumeru, the Hebrews in the Garden of Eden, whence flowed the four great rivers. The Egyptians, whose only mountains were pyramids, located it in the land of the setting sun, and the Persians placed it on Mount Demavand. For the end of the rainbow bridge the Greeks picked Mount Olympos, which became the blissful home of immortal rulers, each with his separate province. . . . But there was a curse on the Olympians, a curse more dire than that which clung to the Rhinegold. They had gained their heights of bliss through superstition. They were a product of the innovation which distinguished men from beasts, the idea that men could control their destinies by exploiting the supernatural. Their power was based on magic, which was the source of all science. The sciences, however, destroyed the magic that begot them, thus breaking the spell that kept the gods supreme.

The quoted passages should give a sufficient indication of Mr. Newberry's manner, which is innocent of critical understanding. He has read widely from sources of recognized respectability, as some fifty pages of notes attest. But from these sources he has accepted theory or suggestion as fact, and so stated it, with little or no indication of what is in issue. Whole paragraphs are composed of dicta every one of which is open to challenge, and is challenged by scholarly judgment. Thus, he makes no difficulty of interpreting the Magdalenian European in terms of the present-day Australian Blackfellow, nor indeed of a Caucasian immigration into Australia as generating a Blackfellow type from a Negroid base. Geographical difficulties are airily dissipated by the assumption of an Antarctica, which, if one may follow the author's implications, must have dissolved within the past twenty or thirty thousand years.

> If ethnologists are correct in concluding that all the peoples who carried length of cranium to excess [*sic!*] were branches of a single family, the cavemen of Gaul must have got their creed where they got their physical characteristics. The center of diffusion may be under the sea today, since it lay in the great Antarctic continent, the lost Atlantis of the most ancient world. At all events, that cradle of the Longheads was the true Garden of Eden where a soul was breathed into animate clay and man was created through the birth of the earliest religion.

Analogous dicta are that the Sumerians came by sea—as certain British scholars have suggested; that Chinese and Sumerian are related, as also Sumerian and Indo-European; that "the agglutinative languages began in the Ural-Altai mountains [!], the boundary between the continents of Europe and Asia," etc., etc. Without verification no one can afford to accept any statement in this book.

Hartley Burr Alexander is a member of the faculty of Scripps College and the author of a large number of ethnological studies, including two volumes in the Mythology of All Races series.

A Wedding Trip in Central Asia

TURKESTAN REUNION. By Eleanor Holgate Lattimore. New York: The John Day Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

ONE'S first favorable impression of "Turkestan Reunion" is gained when one turns over the title page and comes across a quotation from Chesterton's "Flying Inn." Anyone who starts on a journey with a copy of "The Flying Inn" in his pocket is very evidently the right sort of person and in the right frame of mind to glean much of interest from his travels.

Mrs. Lattimore was admirably equipped for her journey. She had spent a number of years in China and not only spoke the language, but from her close association with the people of the country she had gained an insight into their way of thinking.

The present volume is composed of the letters which she wrote to her family describing the adventurous wedding trip of her husband and herself in Central Asia. Mr. Lattimore wished to cross Mongolia with a trading caravan over a little known route where danger from bandits would be ever present. It was quite evidently out of the question for his wife to accompany him on this part of the journey, so it was agreed that he would send back word to her and that she would follow by the shortest and least difficult route. This was by no means an easy undertaking, for it meant leaving the Trans-Siberian Railroad at Semipalatinsk, and then in the middle of the winter for seventeen days crossing by sledge the snow-covered steppes. After many adventures and hardships on both sides that were met with equal fortitude, the Lattimores were reunited in Chuguchak and resumed their interrupted wedding journey. For almost a year they wandered through the mountains and deserts of Chinese Turkestan, and both were adequately equipped to draw the utmost out of their surroundings.

No matter how travel weary she may be, Mrs. Lattimore is always able to see the humor in a situation and to appreciate the mentality of the inhabitants. Quite naturally they would be unable to understand anyone taking his best wife on such a journey. Therefore, although treated with the utmost courtesy and respect by the local dignitaries, she was regarded by them as Mr. Lattimore's travelling wife, and as such, was not entertained by the "first chop" wives of the officials.

The Lattimores eventually crossed over the mighty passes of the Karakoram range and reached Kashmir in safety. The journey was in every sense a fine achievement, and the manner of its telling is worthy of it.

Pragmatism and Other Matters

COLLECTED PAPERS OF CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE. Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Vol. IV. The Simplest Mathematics. 1933; *Vol. V. Pragmatism and Pragmaticism,* 1934. *Harvard University Press.*

Reviewed by C. J. DUCASSE

THE contents of Volume IV of this work are divided into three books. The first contains ten hitherto unpublished papers on logic and mathematics, written by Peirce between 1880 and 1905. They include the paper on "The Simplest Mathematics," the title of which is given to the volume as a whole. In this paper, Peirce defines mathematics as "the study of what is true of hypothetical states of things"; it is "the science which *draws* necessary conclusions," as distinguished from deductive logic, which is "the science *of drawing* necessary conclusions." The several papers in which Peirce discusses Quantity, Multitude, and cardinal and ordinal Number are rather technical, but many of the observations they contain are readily understandable and of great interest to any one who recognizes the basic importance for philosophy of a precise analysis of these fundamental categories of thought.

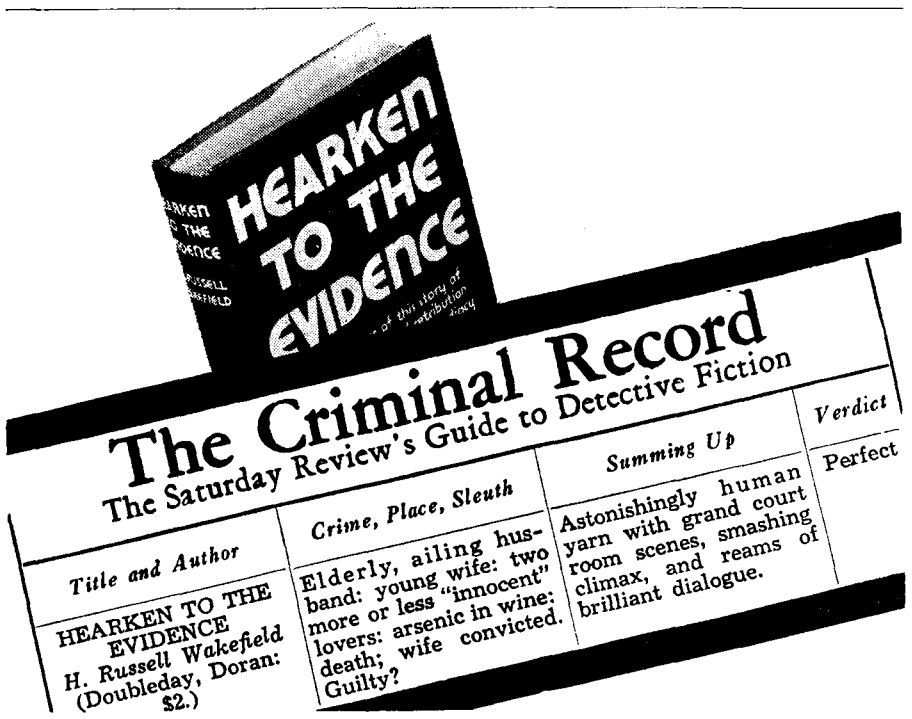
The second book contains papers dealing with the Existential Graphs which Peirce regards as his greatest contribution to logic ("my chef d'œuvre"). Not even a general idea of the conventions on which these logical diagrams are based can be given without introducing Peirce's own elaborate technical terminology, but his aim in devising them, and the sort of importance they have, are easy to grasp. He points out that, in mathematical demonstrations, simplicity is, as a matter of fact, almost always a late development; whereas "one might expect that the shortest route would be taken at the outset," if the nature of mathematical reasoning really were thoroughly understood. To procure a thorough understanding of it, he tells us, "is the purpose for which my logical algebras were designed but which, in my opinion, they do not sufficiently fulfil. The present system of existential graphs is far more perfect in that respect, and has already taught me much about mathematical reasoning." What we need in order to study the workings of necessary inference "is a method of representing diagrammatically any possible set of premisses, this diagram to be such that we can observe the transformation of these premisses into the conclusion by a series of steps each of the utmost possible simplicity." This is what the Existential Graphs provide.

In the third book, "The Amazing Mazes," Peirce describes certain card tricks, taking them as an occasion for a discussion of cyclic systems. The last chapter of this book, however, consists of observations, additional to those contained in the first book, on such notions as those of Kind, Collection, Multitude, and on cardinal and ordinal numbers.

Volume V, an editorial note informs the reader, contains practically everything of importance which Peirce is known to have written concerning Pragmatism. The first of the three books into which the volume is divided consists of the Lectures on Pragmatism, delivered by Peirce at Harvard in 1903, to which William James referred as "flashes of brilliant light relieved against Cimmerian darkness." In them, Peirce's initial attempt to say what exactly is to be understood by "practical" consequences, develop into a discussion of the universal categories of phenomena. The second book contains Peirce's published, and the third his unpublished, papers on the Pragmatism which he originated and which he later called Pragmaticism in order to distinguish it from the many more or less divergent doctrines that eventually came to be referred to by the name of Pragmatism. The third book also includes certain articles contributed by Peirce to Baldwin's "Dictionary of Philosophy." The contents of this fifth volume are on the whole much less highly technical, and of far greater interest to the general reader of philosophy, than those of the third and fourth volumes

C. J. Ducasse is professor of philosophy at Brown University.

The British Imperial War Museum is busy cataloguing a collection of photographs of T. E. Lawrence's desert campaign, many of them taken by Colonel Lawrence. The collection has been lodged with the Museum by Captain Liddell Hart.


HEARKEN TO THE EVIDENCE
The Criminal Record
The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction
Title and Author
Crime, Place, Sleuth
Summing Up
Verdict
HEARKEN TO THE EVIDENCE
H. Russell Wakefield
(Doubleday, Doran: $2.)
Elderly, ailing husband: young wife: two more or less "innocent" lovers: arsenic in wine: death; wife convicted. Guilty?
Astonishingly human yarn with grand court room scenes, smashing climax, and reams of brilliant dialogue.
Perfect

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The New Books

Art

ENJOYING PICTURES. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $3.

Mr. Bell has had the happy thought of simply writing out his experiences during strolls of an hour in the National Gallery and through Raphael's *stanze* in the Vatican. What we have, then, is a case book of appreciations—appreciations of an uncommonly sensitive order. From so unpretentious a programme emerges a real contribution to esthetics. Most estheticians treat only the great moments. Mr. Bell has the good sense and courage to say that these great moments are rare and transient. Our typical state in enjoying art is not one of ecstasy but rather of a diffused happiness. This happiness Mr. Bell illustrates from his feelings about pictures which are by no means great but in their degree pleasurable. But he holds that we seldom attain this more or less generalized happiness unless we have experienced a prior ecstasy which lets us down benignly.

All this is both suggestive and disputable. At least it corresponds more closely to the realities of enjoying pictures than do the *O! Altitudos* of such austere estheticians as Theodor Lipps. Disputable again is Mr. Bell's denial that the fine craftsman is not to be regarded as an artist, but the point is urged with clarity and persuasiveness. The hour spent in reading this well printed and well illustrated book will be spent to excellent advantage.

F. J. M.

Biography

LAND OF FAR DISTANCE. By Black Bill Craig. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Craig is described by his publishers as "an English gaucho" but he seems to know Texas well, believes that "the American cowboy saddle has got every other kind of saddle beaten to a frazzle," and he tells of his adventures in the Chaco and in southern Brazil in perfectly good Americanese. The South Americans he meets are similarly at home in the vernacular, as is quite all right, of course, in a book intended for American readers, although the latter may be curious as to whether "Black Bill" kept a journal throughout his wanderings or is composing from memory.

However the book may have been written, it is, in any case, decidedly entertaining, with a likable air of commonsense and honesty. It is interesting to hear about the Chaco from a man who worked there as general foreman for one of the big cattle-companies and liked the country despite the fact that it's "generally either a swamp or a howling desert," plagued for eight months of the year with mosquitoes, horse-flies, and other pests. And it's amusing to see a fairly serious South American revolution like that which broke out in Sao Paulo in 1932, not from what might be called its show-window side, but as this cowboy-adventurer, himself a fugitive from Paraguay, saw it, coming in by the Matto Grosso, or back-door entrance, and joining a band of up-country guerillas.

Craig talks of horses and riding and roping gear; of Indian dances and wild-pig hunts and cheerful nights after days of fasting and hard going when everybody stuffed himself with meat, washed down with rum, chicha, téréré, or whatever was handy. The amount of meat they eat in this part of the world, is, by the way, appalling. The *gauchos* eat little else, and get away with it by constantly sipping *yerba maté*, which seems to take the place of fruits and vegetables.

A row over his papers, after Paraguay and Bolivia started fighting, sent Craig and his faithful horse, Bobby, over the border into Brazil. This Matto Grosso country is full of foreign cattle-outfits, and Craig worked here and there, hunted deer for their hides, and finally left Bobby in safe hands and joined the rebels.

There were one or two fairly serious dog-fights, some looting, and enough danger and opera-bouffe experience of one sort and another to make the thing seem worth doing—once. Ultimately Craig decided that nine years away from England was long enough. So he and Bobby, and Jenny, the clever little mare he had picked up during the fighting, headed for the ranch of an English friend some two hundred miles to the northwest. There Bobby and Jenny would have thousands of acres of the best range to run wild on, and "be safe from rustlers and revolution, and far away in England I'd be happy about them."

A. R.

Fiction

WINDING ROAD. By Neil Bell. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.75.

Mr. Bell's new book is a difficult one to review. There is so much in it that is good—excellent writing, some acute characterization, careful, painstaking workmanship; yet the total effect at the end of more than six hundred large-sized pages is one of disappointment. "Well, what of it?" the reader is moved to inquire, just as in the process of reading he has asked himself many times, "Where are we getting to?"

The fact seems to be that English fiction today is exhibiting a plethora of skilled craftsmanship, but a dearth of genius. Obviously one cannot demand genius of everyone who writes a novel, but after wading through Mr. Bell's book one is tempted to assert categorically that only a spark of the divine fire can justify a novel of six hundred pages. And the spark is what, on this occasion at least, Mr. Bell lacks. His "Winding Road" winds interminably; the way taken by his hero is so long and devious that it requires considerable effort to follow him.

The author tells, often with much sympathy and always with plodding care, the story of Stephen Martell, whose life was marred in early boyhood by a family tragedy, who was passed from relative to relative during boyhood and adolescence, who proved persistently a misfit in a succession of early jobs, and even when he broke away and did the thing for which nature had endowed him, which was writing, found only partial satisfaction in his work. His emotional life was no more satisfactory than his vocational, and after a series of passionate adventures the author leaves him stranded in early middle life on the rocks of scandal and emitting a wail of self-pity.

In tracing this winding road, Mr. Bell gives a workmanlike picture of the life and times of twentieth century England up to the advent of the first Labor Government. He knows his England—the countryside, the farm, the workshop, the small town, London. The abutting worlds of Fleet Street and of Westminster are well and faithfully described. It is an excellent study of contemporary life, conscientiously made and ably written. But the spark is not there.

S. W.

NEVER ANY MORE. By Nancy Hale. Scribners. 1934. $2.

Given three young girls of markedly different natures, an island on which they are forced to spend a month together because of a whim of their mothers, and a Bostonian spinster to act as chaperon, a fairly amusing character study with comic overtones would seem to be the most plausible result. Miss Hale had preferred to treat this triple holiday more tragically in "Never Any More." No one of her people is really well satisfied with what happens during the time they spend on Heaven's Gate Island. The simple and conventional Harriet is brought to the verge of suicide; the tense, nervous, intelligent Maida has a thoroughly miserable time of it; Diane, graceful and spoiled, brought up in a world far removed from the less glamorous one inhabited by her two companions, is merely bored by the isolation and lack of the worshipping crowd to which she is accustomed. Even old Miss Killykelly is made to feel that she does not and cannot understand these intense young people, so much more difficult than their mothers.

The author's psychology is sound enough, and the variations through which she puts each theme, showing each girl's reaction to the events of their life together, have a logical significance which is important in the total effect produced by the whole book. What is still lacking is a prose surface sensitive enough to mirror the author's more subtle conclusions, and to give them indirectly the weight of absolute rightness. As it is, "Never Any More" makes a considerable impression; it is a clever book, and in the main an accurate one, giving ample evidence that Miss Hale knows about the things with which she is concerned. If it also leaves a certain impression of aridity and cold,-ness, that is no doubt due to the somewhat limited mechanism within which the author has confined her characters and plot.

T. P. Jr.

THOSE WHO PERISH. By Edward Dahlberg. Day. 1934. $2.

This author is so prodigal in his possession of genuine talents that they tend to get in each other's way. Those who perish in his imposing novel are numerous; those who survive but might well perish are still more numerous. The implications are truly tragic, but Dahlberg cannot resist his gift for satire and deliberately alienates our affections from the victims meriting our compassion. The katharsis Aristotle said we might expect of an artist is consequently absent.

Treating of the Jewish problem, Dahlberg telescopes the epic proportions of his theme into the fate of a handful of persons in a New Jersey city he calls New Republic. We see Hitlerism through the horrified eyes of Regina Gordon, whose family in Germany is prey to *der Führer*. The hope of Palestine is mirrored in the aspirations of Joshua Boaz to get there, but he dies too soon. The covert anti-Semitic propaganda in this country we discern through the baffled efforts of Eli Melamed to earn a bare living.

Anti-Semitism is far-reaching both in time and space, and its discovery is old stuff, yet it is a discovery which every Jew must make for himself on reaching maturity, and the effect is usually bewildering. Boaz and Mrs. Gordon and Melamed all are bewildered. The confusion which overwhelms them our author paints with passionate earnestness and authentic skill, and it is this painting of a state of mind

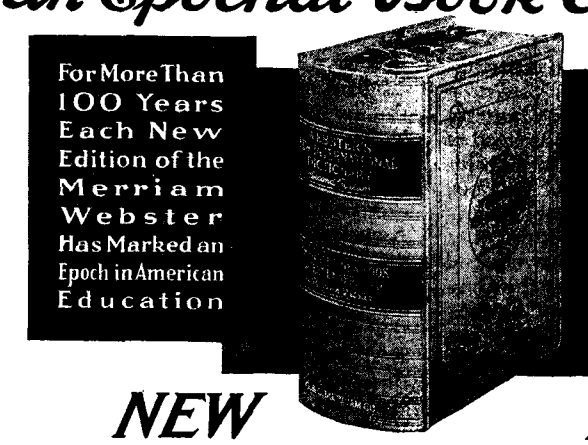
(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
TARZAN AND THE LION MAN *Edgar Rice Burroughs* (Burroughs: $2.)	Thriller	The old ape-man encounters his double in a movie troupe on location in his pet jungle bailiwick. The author betrays unsuspected humor.	Like olives
THE GO-GIVER *Vash Young* (Bobbs-Merrill: $1.50.)	Special	The author of "A Fortune to Share" contributes another inspirational shot in the arm for souls who liked Billy Sunday. Be a go-giver, not a go-getter.	Minted maple syrup
MAIDEN VOYAGE *Kathleen Norris* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love story	Larry, heart-stopping editor, causes great emotional disturbance to his wife's best friend, our heroine the society reporter. All under California sunshine.	U. S. standard serial
MUCH LOVED *Ruby M. Ayres* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love story	We quote—"A warm-hearted appealing story of attractive people in love, by a past master at the always thrilling game of hearts." Hotcha!	Ladies only
WEST OF APACHE PASS *Charles Alden Seltzer* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Western	Colt-and-cactus yarn of early Tucson days. Conventional plot better handled than most of its kind.	Good
AUTUMN'S TORCH *Cynthia Lombardi* (Appleton-Century Co.: $2.)	Novel	Our heroine, the lovely and socially-placed widow, goes overboard for a sleek operatic tenor. But he married a tight-rope walker!	Cologne

An Epochal Book Completed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Double-Crostics: Number 26

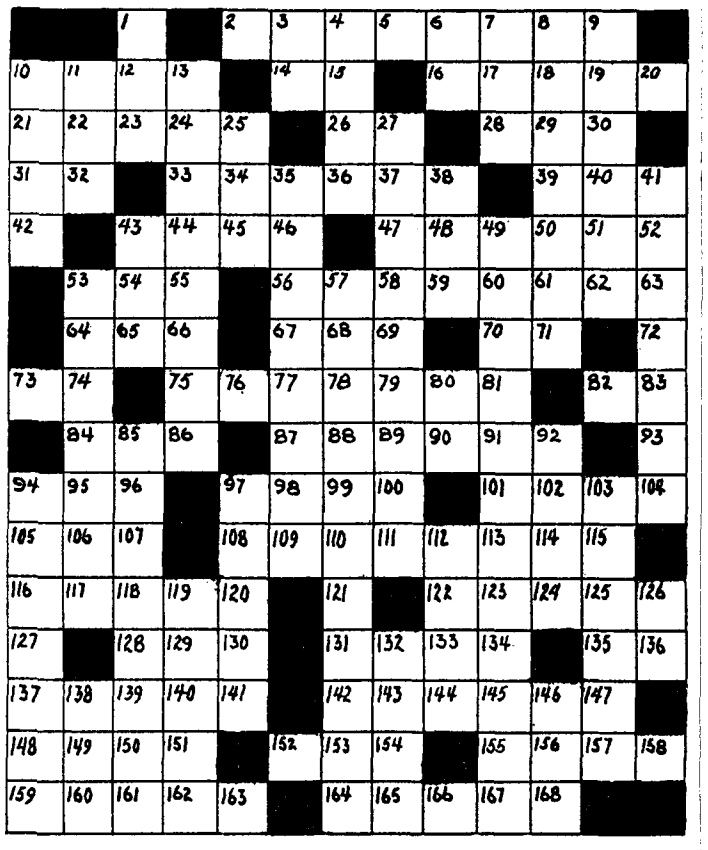
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 39-102-13-141-109-4-91. Walked like a child.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 85-118-101-159-130. Pettish, touchy.	_ _ _ _ _
III. 165-127-2-56-23-62-111. Opera by Gluck.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 37-123-49-108-158-151. A Mother Goose character.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 38-54-139-59-71-3-86-142-31-27-42-50-125. Southey's pen-name.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 18-150-143-34-5. Wagner called it music drama.	_ _ _ _ _
VII. 137-11-122-78-21. Offensive, unpleasant.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 93-145-133-97-26-53-166-33-126. Depravity.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 61-1-115-144-167. A Biblical outcast.	_ _ _ _ _
X. 52-116-24. Major subdivision of history.	_ _ _
XI. 75-22-35-6-152-113-17-80. Famous species of literary cat.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 29-88-161-112-132-124-140-81-84. Play by Ben Jonson.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 99-40-67-129-48-107-30. A communistic religious sect.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 96-136-43-8-147. Brownish yellow.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 79-70-164-94-82-12-45-121-51. Hero of a Scott ballad.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 55-105-41-120-83-66. Heroine of "Seven Against Thebes."	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 89-163-16-46-77-146. Most peculiar.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 15-110-103-47-153-157-117-28-100. Showy trimmings.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 7-119-148-74. Stained with a dark fluid.	_ _ _ _
XX. 68-98-92-20-73-90. Nickname of an Eastern university.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 69-106-32-95-154-9-162. A French character in Dickens.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 14-19-134-25. Was obliged or due.	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 58-36-155-149-10. Part of a coat.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 64-138-72. To urge or incite.	_ _ _
XXV. 114-44-60-156-135. Phonetic quality of *m*, *n*, and *ng*.	_ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 87-76-168-131-57-65. Poetic for China.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 104-160-63-128. Corrodes, wears away.	_ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 25)
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR—"IANTHE"

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

that represents his constructive contribution.

Dahlberg subordinates to it any tangible effort at spinning a story. Boaz is head of a welfare organization; Mrs. Gordon, his assistant, is also his mistress. Melamed wanders in and out of the scene, a frustrated soul. There is a caricature of a board meeting at which Rosenzweig and other real estate owners discuss the German boycott, arriving at a yes and no conclusion. In the uniform of an ordinary bus driver, Regina foresees a brown-shirt. Here and there, brief, illuminating episodes comprise about all the story there is.

The distinction of this psychological novel lies in its theme, for in general this may be termed an age of bewilderment; and in the author's electric style. Dahlberg writes by violence. He is impatient of explanations; he cuts through the fluff of rhetoric; he realigns the conventional figures of speech. The effort is a worthy one, if hazardous; many of his phrases strike fire, though others miss their aim. His style, however, is his; it is not meretricious, but has vitality and validity. Whatever its faults, his novel reflects the dynamic personality of a superior artist in the making, one who should impress himself on the national consciousness.

C. R.

History

THE PORTUGUESE PIONEERS. By Edgar Prestage. Macmillan. $4.

The author of the work in hand has been associated with the scholarship of Portuguese literature, government, and overseas activity for a good quarter of a century. The book is in large part the fruit of his studies of the Chronicles of Fernao Lopes and Gomes Eannes de Zurara, the life of Francisco Manuel de Mello, and the administration of the great Afonso de Albuquerque. Mr. Prestage's immersion in the subject is manifest in generous documentation without show of pedantry and in careful approach to the controversial questions which still remain unsolved after these centuries of writing on the deep-sea work of the Western nations.

It was a direct outgrowth of the early consolidation of the national power that sent Portugal to sea, under the tutelage of Genoese naval experts, before the other powers had arrived at the capacity or the need to undertake such expansion for the benefit of the royal exchequer. Due credit is given to these Genoese, and to the far-off rivalries of the little states which began to occupy the Atlantic islands at the beginning. These first wanderings, though full of romantic episodes, are not perhaps as interesting to the American reader as to the European; but we soon find ourselves in the full swing of the voyages of Ca da Mosta, and soon in those greater ones which burst the veil that hid the general ignorance of both East and West, and the great period of discovery is upon us. There are the interesting questions: when and by whom were the first of these voyages made, by Dieppe merchants, by Genoese, or by the mariners of Prince Henry? When did the purpose to reach the Orient first find vocal expression? Is it true that Columbus discovered America? Did Cabral intend to land on the South American coast? These and a score of other open questions are left with the reader in full possession of the latest and sanest judgment of scholarship.

Prestage writes easily and fluently, keeping always the most recent findings in mind. If there is lack, it is perhaps in the recognition of legendary French voyages on the American side which were, if they occurred, contemporary with the Portuguese ones. Are Jean Cousin and Paulmier de Gonneville to be passed by in utter silence? The wonder is not that these are omitted, since the subject is so well defined; the real marvel is that within so small a scope so complete a survey of the pioneering of this nation can be encompassed.

Some sixty-five years ago R. H. Major published his Prince Henry the Navigator; it remained the standard for many years, although additions have been made to the subject by many Portuguese, American, and Brazilian writers. In the present volume, though it is smaller than Major's work, the latest findings are incorporated, so that the older work is in large measure superseded. It is a tremendous advantage to have the whole field surveyed and the problem evaluated authoritatively; it is almost unbelievable that this can be done in a style which will inveigle the general reader to see what the Portuguese accomplishment in navigation really was. Useful maps, based on old ones of general repute, show the empire of Portugal on the African shoreline, Asia, and in the Western Hemisphere.

H. I. P.

Miscellaneous

THE BACKWASH OF WAR. By Ellen N. La Motte. Putnam. 1934. $2.

These sketches were written in 1915-16 when the writer was nursing in a French military field hospital a few miles behind the lines in Belgium. The fact that the book was kept out of England and France from the first, and finally suppressed in this country after the United States entered the war, is in keeping with its own bitter irony. For what was wrong with the little book? It revealed no military secrets. It could just as well apply to any other hospital back of the lines, on either side or on any front. The trouble with the book was it told truths too unpleasant to face.

Its fourteen episodes have the air of having happened just as they are told. No matter— the same things could and did happen over and over again on all fronts. Some are almost unbearably horrible. All are handled simply and with savage irony. As writing, they hold their own beside "All Quiet on the Western Front" or whatever may be taken as the best representative of the bestiality of war, but one suspects that this is less a case of "art" in the self-conscious sense than of that union of power with economy of means which sometimes came to those who, all the more sensitive because of their own security, were long immersed in the mass-tragedy. The book deserved reprinting.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Robert Grosseleste and the Jews. L. M. Friedman, Harvard Univ. Pr. *Dimitrov.* S. D. Blagoyeva, International. $1.24. *Memoirs of a Midwife.* L. Burger. Vanguard. $2.50. *Early American Jews.* L. M. Friedman. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.50.

INTERNATIONAL

The Tragedy of a Nation. Prince H. Loewenstein. Macmillan. $2.25. *Fascist Germany Explains.* Ed. C. Strachey and J. G. Werner. Covici. $1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Family in Court. J. J. Goldstein. New York: Boardman. *How to See a Play.* R. Burton. Macmillan. $1. *Ozark Outdoors.* V. Randolph and G. W. von Schriltz. Vanguard. $3.75.

RELIGION

The Story of the Old Testament. E. J. Goodspeed. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1. *The Translated Bible.* Phila.: United Lutheran Publication House.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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AGREEABLE personable woman offers acquaintance with gentleman (45-55) Chicago or vicinity who enjoys, besides business, literature, conversation, music, dancing and out of doors. Box 961.

WOMAN WRITER, 34, interested politics, public affairs, desires male correspondents over 40. Box 962.

YOUNG Gentile woman New Yorker wishes friends; no philanderers or paupers. Box 963.

YOUNG Gentile woman, now in New York, wishes work anywhere as secretary or companion. Box 964.

J. D. (JUNGLE DELIGHT). Heaven for cocktail would have been easier. Write again. Brownie.

RHYMING-WARE manufacturer desires to hear from one by the name of Michael, though, also, is enslaved by Byron and adventure. M. F. E., 80 Roselawn Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

WANTED—By southern widow, correspondence with gentleman fifty-five or sixty. Object: mutual interests and pastime. Mrs. C. Marshall, No. 8 West 23rd, Wilmington, Del.

CHICAGO girl wants to meet man, 25-35, intelligent, not "intellectual," sense of humor, interested in books and/or theatre, music, enjoys conversation, sometimes nonsensical, dislikes bridge. Matz.

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PERSONALS

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Century Ahoy!

HOW many hundred thousand of us since 1840 have stuck close to our desks and never gone to sea save in the company of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.? Every day now marks the centennial anniversary of some memorable incident in "Two Years Before the Mast." A brief log is appended so that armchair sailormen may bear a hand in the observance.

August 14, 1834. Brig *Pilgrim* sails from Boston en route to "the Western coast of North America"; anchors in upper harbor.

August 15. Preparations for sea. Seaman Dana stands his first watch.

August 16. *Pilgrim* draws down to lower harbor. With fair wind at midnight, anchor is hove up and voyage proper is under way.

August 17. Seaman Dana begins to "feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life."

August 20. Ship *Helen Mar,* New York, and brig *Mermaid,* Boston, bound in, sighted.

August 21. Ship *La Carolina,* Havre to New York, spoken; asked to report *Pilgrim.* Thereafter "nothing occurred to break the monotony of our life" until

September 5. Unnamed English brig, Liverpool bound, and forty-nine days out of Buenos Ayres, spoken. Unnamed brig flying Brazilian colors passes out of hail.

September 7. "We caught our first dolphin. . . . I was disappointed in the colors of this fish when dying." *Pilgrim* continues running before trade-winds until

September 22. *Pilgrim* chased by small clipper-built brig, armed, full of men, showing no colors. All hands remain on deck throughout day, and weapons are got in order. *Pilgrim* holds lead, and by changing course during night and dousing binnacle light eludes pursuer.

October 1. Equator crossed.

October 3. Mr. Foster, second mate, found asleep on watch by captain.

October 4. Mr. Foster becomes Seaman Foster; captain asks crew to choose a second mate; crew, adhering to tradition, remits this responsibility to captain, who selects James Hall.

October 5. Land ho! Roofs of Pernambuco discernible through glass.

October 25 (?). *Pilgrim,* off mouth of La Plata, encounters "first blow which could really be called a gale."

November 4. Falkland Islands sighted at daybreak, Staten Land (presumably) at sunset.

November 5. "Here comes Cape Horn!" Gale, sleet, hail.

November 6. Deck covered with snow. Sea high. Glass of grog to each member of watch. Skies clear. Bad weather again at night. Dana at helm—" 'Ease her when she pitches,' is the word."

November 7. Wind goes down. Fog. Cold blow after sundown; snow, hail, sleet.

November 8. Calm, and thick fog; then hail, snow, violent wind.

November 9. A foul day. Seaman Dana, helping furl the jib, is all but washed into Straits of Magellan.

November 10. *Pilgrim* hove to part of day, then driving on, with heavy sea, gale, hail, snow.

November 14. *Pilgrim* now well to westward of Cape, and changing course to northward. Whale-ship *New England,* Poughkeepsie, steering same course, spoken, one hundred and twenty days from New York.

November 15. Master of *New England* pays all-day visit to master of *Pilgrim.*

November 19. George Ballmer falls from rigging and is lost.

November 25. Juan Fernandez—Crusoe's island—sighted.

November 26. Detail sent ashore for water at Juan Fernandez includes Dana—first time on land since departure from Boston one hundred and four days earlier.

November 27. At sea again. (It was Thanksgiving Day at home, but a mere Thursday aboard the *Pilgrim.*) Thereafter a monotonous forty-seven days without sight of land or sail.

December 19. Equator crossed.

December 25. The only holiday touch is plum duff for dinner.

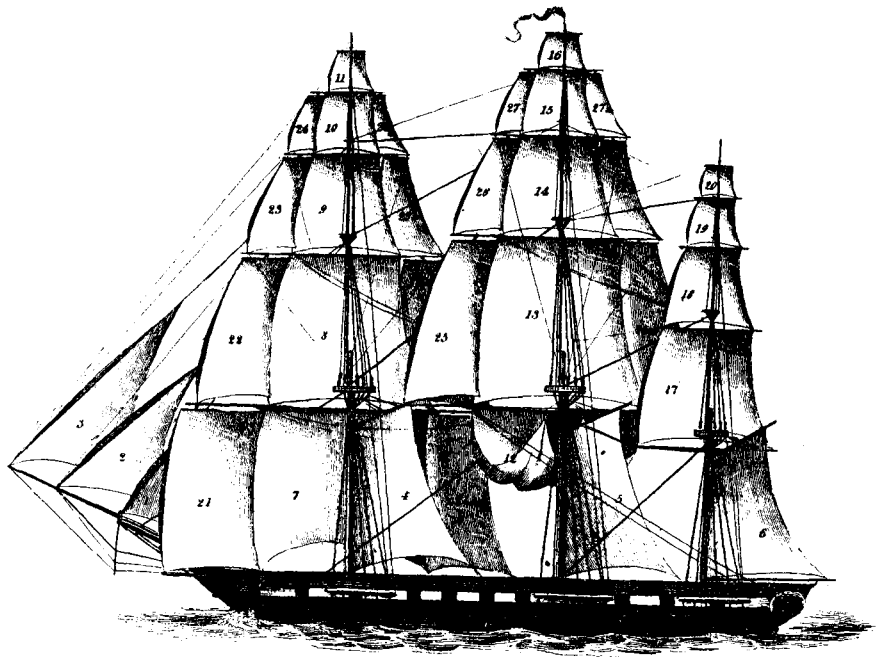
January 13, 1835. *Pilgrim* makes land at Point Concepcion.

January 14. *Pilgrim* comes to anchor in bay of Santa Barbara, one hundred and fifty days from Boston.

Dana's California stay, including coastwise voyages, was to last just short of sixteen months. His homeward journey, on the ship *Alert,* did not begin until May 8, 1836. In due course, which is to say twenty months hence, the *Alert's* log, D. V., will be summarized in these columns.

The first edition (New York, 1840) of "Two Years Before the Mast" is not uncommon in tatters but excessively rare in fine condition—what greater tribute could one pay a collected book? But the Boston edition of 1869 is not to be scorned. It is not easy to come by, or expensive when found, which are two points in its favor, and it owns three others. First, it provides the best reading text; it is not extensively edited or "improved," but names replace the initialed blanks of the 1840 edition (as in the flogging episode in Chapter XV—pages 123-130 in the original, pages 111-118 in the 1869 edition). Second, it contains an additional chapter, "Twenty-Four Years After," recounting Dana's 1859 journey to San Francisco not as a foremast hand but as a successful lawyer taking his ease. Third, it is the first edition to be issued following the reversion of the copyright to the author—an affair of more than technical interest when the familiar story of the disposal of the original manuscript is recalled.

JOHN T. WINTERICH.



A FULL-RIGGED SHIP

From a copperplate engraving in "The Seaman's Friend," by R. H. Dana, Jr., Boston (1841)

[We are required to label this "advertising." We believe it is NEWS—certainly so far as book lovers are concerned.]

Chas. Morgan's Unique Letter Is Made Public

Author of "The Fountain" Describes Effect Upon Him of New Novel

"It Set a Candle In My Memory," He Says

A remarkable and charming letter from Charles Morgan, who wrote "The Fountain," national best seller of 1932, to Eiluned Lewis is printed as a preface to the latter's new novel, "Dew on The Grass." The letter follows:

"This morning there was fog over London, and my room, though it is all window, was dark when I sat down to read your harvesting chapter again. A light was necessary, and I switched on the electric candle-lamp at my elbow. When I had read of the corn-cutting at Nantgwyn and had heard how Lucy invented her own variant of Atalanta's race, I let the manuscript sink on to my knees, prompted by your imagining to voyages in my own childhood, that secret world whose joy was as no joy can be again and whose very sadness is refuge now.

"Who has not said: 'My childhood is gone!' and mourned for his giants? I think I am without sentimental delusion concerning those remote years. None of the pretty adjectives describes them; and those who seek to interpret them in jingles, coy or pert, write of something that I neither remember nor understand. Yet further removed from my own sympathy are those opposite legends, now intellectually in vogue, which represent children as Freudian Yahoos incontinently abandoned on the doorstep of the London School of Economics. A child is a man with his eyes open; tha[illegible] whose eyes never shut, [illegible] of Innocence' and the '[illegible]ence' in the light of a s[illegible] truth.

"A Rare Dignity"

"The effect of mass-teaching is to draw a child's attention to what any fool can see if it is pointed out to him, and to divert him from his own vision. To go to school is often to exchange the truth of angels and devils for the everlasting lies of reason, and it is because the children in your tale have not yet been regimented that they are lovable and alive. They had, too, the good fortune to live at a time when a ringed continuity of life was still possible, and in a place where even today quietness endures. This is much, but not all. It is much because it has given to your prose a dignity and to your thought a tender penetration now very rare. It is not all, because neither a child nor an artist depends as much on his environment as materialists believe. Delia, Lucy, Maurice and Miriam would have had a distinction in a slum, but I confess to being glad that it was beside 'the young Severn' that they found dew on the grass.

"It Enchanted Me"

"Thinking of them as though they were my own companions, I turned back the pages to seek again that lovely phrase, one of many that by their natural grace have enchanted me in your book. How plain her language is, I said to myself, how little decorated, and how evocative, flowing with as serene a calm as the waters of 'the young Severn'! By this time, daylight had returned; the mist of early Spring had rolled away, my candle was wanted no more; and so far from the device of cities had your story carried me that, forgetful of the switch, I leaned up from my place to blow my candle out.

It was this ridiculous and delightful freak of the imagination, this finding of myself with pursed lips before an electric candle, that prompted me to write, who am no writer of prefaces. Thank you for having set a candle in my room and in my memory. I shall read your book often for its evocation of things lost and yet not lost utterly while imagination endures, and shall read it the more eagerly because there is in 'the young Severn' a not unfitting prelude to 'The Torrents of Spring.' "

CHARLES MORGAN

"Dew on the Grass"

is on sale at all bookstores. $2.50

MACMILLAN

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. . . fame will seek her out

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
author of *Now In November*

Not for years has *The Inner Sanctum* flung prudence to the winds and abandoned itself completely to the luxury of unqualified literary prophecy. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, as the zero hour of a new book approaches, your correspondents are terrified by the whims of public preference, humbled by the inscrutable tyranny of time. On such occasions they meekly restrict their utterances to the known past and the observable present, leaving the unmeasured future to the gods.

But *The Inner Sanctum* can no longer hold its peace. All we have and all we are we pledge on a single prediction, and this is it:

When these lines appear, Miss JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, *author of a new novel,* NOW IN NOVEMBER, *will awake to find herself famous. To her, the world of letters will accord not merely acclaim, not merely renown, but the authentic homage which is the substance of fame itself.*

As a matter of fact, our prediction is not nearly so rash as it seems. Your correspondents have advance intimations that cannot be denied. They are relying not only on their own fervent conviction, but on high praise already received from eminent men of letters and a veritable fanfare from *other* publishers—surely the perfect tribute.

Now In November deals with unchanging things—love and bitterness and the abiding consolation of nature. The land is the background, changing and beautiful in a thousand ways each hour, but essentially, JOSEPHINE JOHNSON writes of people, the unalterable loneliness of human beings, the hard, breath-taking interplay of human emotions.

Do not rest on *The Inner Sanctum's obiter dictum* alone. Before many weeks have gone, a cloud of witnesses will give disinterested sanction to all that is set forth in this preliminary and admittedly prejudiced report. Among the many noted editors, novelists, critics and *other* publishers who have read advance proofs of *Now In November* and hailed her achievement in the most ecstatic terms are HERVEY ALLEN, CAROLINE MILLER, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, EVELYN SCOTT, LOUIS UNTERMEYER, JOHN FARRAR, STANLEY RINEHART, MAXWELL ALEY, THEODORE MORRISON, WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER, WILLIAM SOSKIN and numerous others who will be quoted here in good season.

Today your correspondents have space to print only one representative tribute—that of DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, writing in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News* . . . ". . . But as you read on (and read on you will, fascinated by the beauty of the style and the narrative power of the author) . . . you will say to yourself, 'Why, this is the American *Wuthering Heights!*' The comparison is not exact, as such comparisons never are, but *Now In November* does have something of the same sort of ominous, before-a-storm tension, something of the same vitality, other-worldly rather than human. . . ."

A book like this is a rare experience in these shrill and turbulent days. Again it is given to *The Inner Sanctum* to fall back on the ancient serenities and quietly publish a good book. Far more than a brilliant first novel, *Now In November* is a work of art, all the more astonishing in that it flowers out of the imagination of a girl of twenty-four. Out there on the land of which she writes so passionately, hundreds and hundreds of miles from the nearest literary tea or broadcasting station, JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is diffident to the point of inaccessibility. . . . But fame will seek her out.

—ESSANDESS

September 12th, 1934

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

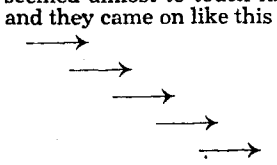
☞Our valued correspondent Mr. W. S. Hall, writing from the International Date Line in mid-Pacific (aboard S.S. *President Polk* en route from Honolulu to Manila), gave us the most graphic description we have seen of the military review in honor of President Roosevelt in Hawaii.

Mr. Hall writes:—

I went with Stan Taylor of the Honolulu Paper Co. to see the President review the troops at Schofield Barracks. Never saw anything so inspiring and I rather doubt the President ever did either, meaning no comparison or disrespect. I was fortunate in having a front seat in the stand right next where he stood. There were about 16,000 troops on parade together with every conceivable sort of equipment—machine guns, anti-aircraft, sound detectors, searchlights, mule-power covered wagons, tanks and artillery of various calibre up to the ponderous "155's" (millimetre I suppose). The infantry passed the stand in mass formation, each regiment preceded by its band. Each band was preceded by a drum major doing his stuff with his baton. Each band on passing the President swung right and took up its position to right of the stand playing away until the next band approached. I was much carried away by it all and had malignant goose-flesh all afternoon, but what sticks in my mind most is Drum Major Phillips of the 21st Infantry Band. His outfit looked just a bit snappier than the others if that was possible. He was performing unbelievable convolutions, too quick to follow, with his baton. The applause started long before he reached the President. Then, perhaps ten yards before his saluting point, he concluded a quick round-the-body movement by tossing the baton—whoops! still twirling—high in the air. Now I think the whole of Hawaii's future depended on his catching it, but catch it he did, snapping instantly into the salute. Just like that. A plain sigh of relief went up from the crowd and then I thought the yells would shake the backdrop of Waianae hills.

Another warm touch was the names the 155's bore on their muzzles. All the heavy equipment moved across the field in straight lines, possibly a quarter mile long. Each big gun stuck up and out from its tractor-carriage so that there was no difficulty in reading first *Amy, Allie, Floss,* then a break in that sort of nonsense with *Avenger,* to resume with *Sue, Bess,* and the rest I couldn't make out. The din of the massed tractors was so terrific I couldn't make out a note of the band which by its motions was playing furiously.

Following the parade came the planes. There must have been a dozen groups of 5 or 6 each. Their salute was a dip in front of the President, and the first plane with the commander of the squadron, flying at top speed, came down to within 6 feet of the ground. Just to show what each could do, but it was a daredevil stunt. The nose of each following plane seemed almost to touch its leader's tail, and they came on like this



And after that a single plane came over the hills, zoomed down and dropped a package that looked like a Sunday *Times* rolled for mailing. Take my word, it dropped dead squarely in front of the President. It contained developed and printed photographs of the review taken by the same plane an hour earlier! I'm afraid we're a warlike nation. Well, F. D. R. stood straight as an arrow through the two hours of it, departing to the sound of twenty-one guns fired from across the field. That wasn't all. The planes felt their capabilities hadn't been shown at all with straight flying, so way off over the flying field they played at following the leader—that same leader I'll bet. Barrel rolls, falling leafs, winding up with a magnificent big inside loop. They flew toward the stand in formation of letters F and Goudy himself
R
couldn't have found a flaw in their formation. A Great Show. P.S.—*The Lord's Anointed* was selling fast as ever in Honolulu when I left.

W. S. H.

☞"If I were the Napoleon of the Book Business," wrote Walter Winchell the other day in his syndicated newspaper column, "Every girl graduating grammar school would be presented by the Government with a copy of *The Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie.* . . . I'd make Frank Sullivan editor of the Congressional Record. . . . Books that are borrowed and never returned would automatically explode in the borrower's home one month later, shattering the place to splinters."

☞Mr. A. G. Macdonell, author of *England, Their England,* arriving in this country for his first visit, gets the pleasant news that his book is included in the 200 recent volumes soon to be given to the White House library by the American Booksellers. ☞Also, to the Quercuses' great pleasure, is Dorothy Sayers's *Nine Tailors* and Pearsall Smith's *All Trivia.* ☞How many adventures those little Trivia have had since they were first privately printed (in Italy, wasn't it?) in 1902. ☞Good Sam Gundy, of the Oxford Press's Canadian house, has just called up to say he's going to watch the cup races off Newport from the deck of a friend's yacht. ☞An autumn evening, a log fire, and the new issue of *Who's Who in America,* always entertaining and instructive. ☞This week Simon & Schuster publish the first book of Elizabeth Kingsley's *Double-Crostics* which have been such a success in this Review. These are of course not the *same* puzzles that have been printed here but different. Medium Quercus has written an agreeable induction into the book. ☞One of our favorite detectives, Hulbert Footner's *Madame Storey,* is again in print—in *Dangerous Cargo* (Harper's). We are always hoping that Mr. Footner will some day write also of Monsieur Storey, whom his fascinating wife never mentions.

☞Old Quercus was pleased to see that *The New Yorker* had discovered Alfred Paine's Salt Water Book Shop (336 Lexington Avenue) which has often been mentioned in this column. *New Yorker* is wrong however in saying that no sea-captain has visited the shop: we know positively of at least one, Captain Felix Riesenberg, who has been there. ☞We like the little personal notes about members of the staff which the Putnam Bookstore has been putting into its monthly news pamphlet, *The Tatler.* ☞The National Arts Club this week (Sept. 19-22) is holding a public exhibition of the typography of F. W. Goudy, who has lately completed his 92nd type design. ☞*The Colophon,* the de luxe book collectors' quarterly, is going to simplify and reduce its format somewhat, and accept advertising; which sounds sensible to Old Q. There is too much de luxe in the world. ☞According to the new catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania Press, the Indians of the Delaware tribe "discovered a spiritual escape from oppression by eating the intoxicating cactus, peyote." *The Diabolic Root* by Vincenzo Petrullo, just published, is a study of Peyotism, which had "a sharpening and glamorous effect on the mind." ☞Publishers' and booksellers' catalogues are the *peyote* of Poor Old Quercus.

☞The length of Thomas Wolfe's new novel is described by Scribners as "not less than 450,000 words"—how much longer it may run we don't know—and publication will take place next spring. The title is *Of Time and the River: a Legend of Man's Hunger in His Youth.* This is not the same book as the previously announced *October Fair,* which was written in rough form but not finished, and which will be published later. The elephantine memories of the Q. associates—between us we can remember anything—also recall the announcement of a novel by Thomas Wolfe called *K 19,* which has not materialized; we understand that this is superseded by *Of Time and the River.* Mr. Wolfe also has a book of long stories ready, running to another half million words. ☞This clears up the situation for the time being, and we hope that the next time we hear anyone cry Wolfe, there'll be one at the door.

☞Quercus takes the occasion to express regrets to Farrar & Rinehart that our review of Eliot Bliss's novel, *Luminous Isle,* was run last week without reference to their correction on the jacket. The advance jackets carried the statement that the story took place in Haiti—a mistake pointed out by our reviewer, but corrected by the publishers for the regular edition. "Haiti" should have read "an island in the West Indies."

☞Peter Fleming, remembered for his *Brazilian Adventure* of last winter, provides his publishers (Scribners) with his Chinese visiting card in connection with his new book, *One's Company,* the story of his journey through China. Mr. Fleming's name in Chinese, by process of phonetics, turns into Fu Lei Ming—which means Learned Engraver on Stone.

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